

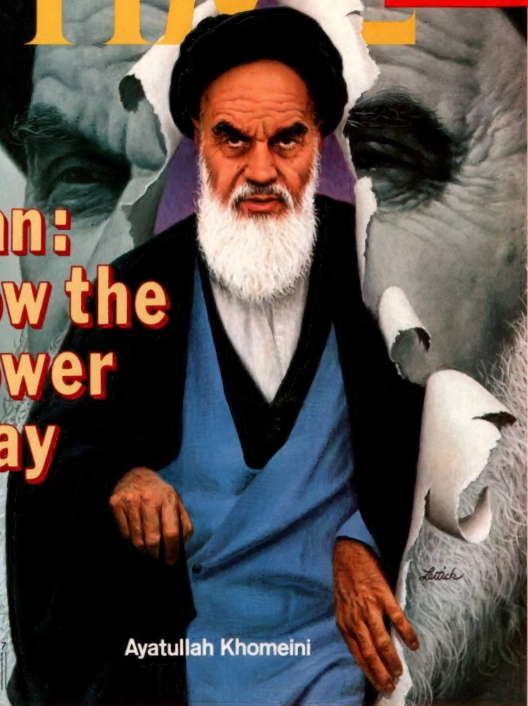
FEBRUARY 12, 1979

\$4.25

TIME

Teng's
Triumphant
Tour

Iran: Now the Power Play



Ayatullah Khomeini

Letich





WILD VALENTINE FOR YOUR WILD GUY

In his wildest dreams, your man probably wouldn't expect a Valentine's Day greeting like this. Isn't that the best reason in the world to surprise him with the great Wild Turkey?

See all of Shakespeare's plays on TV.

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For the first time ever, all 37 of Shakespeare's plays are coming to American TV. This project is so vast, it will take six years to complete.

The first season's plays will be "Julius Caesar," "As You Like It," "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard II," "Measure for Measure," and "Henry VIII." You can see them on your local public television station starting Wednesday evening, February 14th, and on alternate Wednesdays through April 25th.

The stars of these first six plays include Sir John Gielgud, Dame Wendy Hiller, Claire Bloom, Derek Jacobi, Celia Johnson, and Keith Michell.

"The Shakespeare Plays" is a co-production of BBC-TV and Time-Life Television. The plays will be presented on American television in the spirit in which they were first conceived—as entertainment. Be a part of Shakespeare's biggest audience. Check local listings for date and time of each play.



THE
SHAKESPEARE
PLAYS



A Letter from the Publisher

For Correspondent Richard Bernstein, stationed for two years in TIME's Hong Kong bureau, reporting on Teng Hsiao-p'ing and his travels across the U.S. (see NATION and PRESS) proved especially dramatic and exciting. "It was a high point for any reporter who has covered China in the past," says Bernstein. "There was an unreal quality in seeing that leader of a once bitter enemy receive a 19-gun salute on the White House lawn and be given a standing ovation by business and political leaders in Atlanta."

The task of covering Teng's visit was made difficult by the size of the press entourage: 1,200 or so Western reporters, cameramen and soundmen, as well as 32 Chinese journalists, the largest press delegation ever to accompany a foreign official in the U.S. Says Washington Correspondent Johanna McGeary, who reported on Teng's White House visits: "It was one of the most suffocating covered events to come to Jimmy Carter's Washington. Reporting this story required nothing so much as a sharp pair of elbows, a knack for getting into the right press pools and a deep reservoir of stamina." Bernstein likens covering Teng's visit to waging a guerrilla war against an army of

reporters as well as the Secret Service, which imposed especially tight security.

But Bernstein gladly accepted the battle conditions as a refreshing change from the traditional methods used to cover the People's Republic. Says he: "Except for occasional canned tours

BRACE—BLACK STAR



A Chinese TV reporter talks with Bernstein

inside China, we had to rely on the tedious scrutiny of documents, along with interviews with refugees, émigrés and other travelers. Now, even as Teng's trip inaugurates a new era in Sino-American relations, it also heralds a better epoch in China reporting, one in which we will have regular contact with the Chinese."

Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott was one of eleven journalists who had lunch at Blair House with the Vice Premier. "I guess I don't have to introduce myself since there has been quite a bit written," said Teng in the understatement of the week. Asked when U.S. publications would be able to open Peking bureaus, Teng referred to his meeting in Peking eight days before with Editor-in-Chief Hedley Donovan and Hong Kong Bureau Chief Marsh Clark. "I told them," Teng explained, "that they should move from Hong Kong to Peking, and we would welcome them."

John A. Meyers

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Cover: Painting by Birney Lettick.



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The art of sloganeering has endured through all history, but nowadays it is showing signs of fatigue.

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JMF **JOHN MORELL FORD**
WESTERN & ROUTE 30

Letters

Brezhnev Speaks

To the Editors:

If Leonid Brezhnev [Jan. 22] can be believed, the Soviet leader is a master strategist. If he cannot be believed, he is a master politician. And liar.

*Lockwood Richard Doty II
Alexandria, Va.*

In the Communist language, détente means surrender; peace means when the entire world is converted to Godless Communism. Every official in Washington should be aware of this difference in meaning, and not be deluded by Mr. Brezhnev's yearning for peace.

*Harold E. Fuller
Green Bay, Wis.*



The sad thing about Soviet-American relations is that while the Soviets may have a real desire for peace, American politicians get much more press and public praise for "hanging tough" on the Soviet issues.

*Tom Armbruster
Severna Park, Md.*

Our conflict with the Soviets is not over any strategic nuclear attack issue, but over the kind and quality of our respective economic and social systems. If we allow inflation to go unchecked, continue to channel our technological expertise into "smart" weapons and away from better cars, more public transportation and alternative energy sources, we are giving the Soviets just what they want—the spectacle of a degenerating America.

*William T. Scott
Reno*

The High Cost of Dreaming

Re "Inflation: Who Is Hurt Worst?" [Jan. 15]: boo, hiss to the American Dream! My husband and I now find that even though we have obtained that hallowed ground called "the upper middle class" we are hard put to have meat on

the table three times a week. We put off visits to the doctor. A family vacation nowadays is a joke. Most depressing is watching Congress continue to set up programs that we finance but cannot use because we "make too much money." So please tell us: What is the American Dream?

Just how long do you think the ever giving middle class will continue to support this country?

*Joy Ross
Brookfield, Wis.*

I really got a laugh out of your statement, "But farmers have been able to insulate themselves from stunning increases in food costs . . . by producing much of what they eat." We farm and raise corn and soybeans. We have a small garden, but we do not raise beef, pork, eggs, chickens, wheat or coffee. If we ate only what we produced on our farm, we would be in a bad fix.

*(Mrs.) Mary Sutter
Cooksville, Ill.*

It was sometime in the 1970s when my parents completely stopped reminding me how difficult things were during the Depression of the '30s. It looks like those days are here again.

*Charlene Mesick
West Palm Beach, Fla.*

An Insecure Future

In your article "Trying to Slow Social Security" [Jan. 22], you suggest phasing out benefits paid to spouses who "do not work" because such payments are expensive and "discriminate against working women." I'd like to know what a wife who works for years at hard labor—cooking, cleaning, doing the laundry, being nurse, adviser, chauffeur and mainstay of a home—does if she does not work. I would say that this kind of working woman deserves all she gets from her husband's share of Social Security.

*Mrs. Ralph W. Dexter
Narrowsburg, N.Y.*

It is absurd and cruel to refer to former federal employees as "outrageous double-dipping." Government workers. My contributions to Social Security began on Jan. 1, 1937, and later to the Federal Retirement Program at a 7% clip of entire salary. I am now qualified both legally and morally to receive benefits from both plans.

*Eugene E. Moore
Florissant, Mo.*

The Gripes of Academe

The article "Private Colleges Cry 'Help!'" [Jan. 15] further supports the fact that the Government is the drug dealer and the private sector is hooked. The plight of private education is the result of having taken the pill of happiness too of-



Listen in.



TAKE HOME A
People
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EVERY WEEK.



This Valentine's Day, give two beautiful bouquets.

Give the light-bodied Rosé of Cabernet Sauvignon.
Another award winning wine from the Simi Winery of California. Makers of premium varietal wines since 1876.

Why two bottles? His and hers, of course.

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in the Wood Gift Box.**

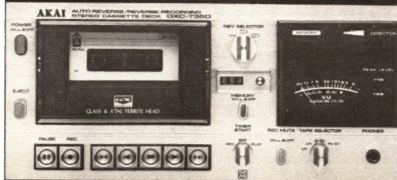
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Letters

ten from Big Brother. Snob appeal and a dash of sound education will save a few private institutions.

Robert E. Ivancevich
Evanston, Ill.

If the attitude that public colleges exist merely to supplement private schools is widespread, it is no wonder private colleges are crying "Help!" In fact, just the opposite is true. In the unlikely event that public universities disappeared, private universities could not educate the next generation of students. In the equally unlikely event of the disappearance of private schools, public institutions could handle the job, but without the variety and richness the dual system now affords.

W. B. Walters
College Park, Md.

Pace University appreciated mention in TIME's article "Private Colleges Cry 'Help!'" but we would like to clarify the misunderstanding that seems to surround our alleged "gobbling up" of Briarcliff College.

By March 1, 1977, Briarcliff was no longer able to meet its financial obligations. The college was \$5.5 million in debt, and its class of '77 was in danger of not graduating. Pace assumed Briarcliff's obligations and assured the graduation of the class, thereby relieving all parties concerned of impending calamity.

J. D. Graziano, Special Assistant to the
President for Public Relations
Pace University, New York City

Oh, Brother!

If Billy Carter [Jan. 22] wishes to use his position as brother of the President for personal gain and publicity, thus becoming, to an extent, a representative of our people, he should also assume a proper stewardship for that station.

Rebecca Jannusch
Green Bay, Wis.

No American should ever have to subject his personal life and private affairs to the dictation of any individual or group, or even risk such tyranny in a democracy. Billy Carter too is entitled to constitutionally guaranteed rights to freedom of speech and association.

Tseng-Kang Lin
Hartford, Conn.

Innkeeper to the World

As the daughter of Conrad Nicholson Hilton, I wish to thank you for your thoughtful article on the life of my father [Jan. 15]. It was a fitting remembrance of a very special man.

Constance Francesca Hilton
Beverly Hills

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

"The reports of my demise are greatly exaggerated."



Mr. Twain, we know what you mean.

We at NI-Gas know Mark Twain would have appreciated our position. All you seem to be reading and hearing these days is how this country is running out of natural gas. And the last two winters haven't helped dispel those rumors with the strain they placed on many utilities' supply.

But the fact of the matter is we're still running on gas, not running out of it. Conventional sources of natural gas will last well into the 21st century. And those are just the conventional

sources. The sources we've already found. And we haven't stopped looking.

The cost of all forms of energy is going up, so new methods of finding and making gas that used to be too expensive are now competitive.

There's enough methane trapped in the tight rock formations of the western mountain ranges and in the geo-preserved zones along the Gulf of Mexico to supply our needs for hundreds of years. The best ways to tap that supply are being researched right now.

We have more energy aces up our sleeve that can take us beyond the 22nd century. To paraphrase another gentleman: everyone talks about energy, but at NI-Gas we're doing something about it.



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One of the NICOR basic energy companies



Leaving El Paso after a quick stop across the Rio Grande in Juárez

American Scene

A Hippie Bus from Coast to Coast

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS! The green flyer on the campus bulletin board promises the greatest little cross-country bus ride ever. There's no bus terminal, though. To get a reservation you have to shove \$10 and a return address under the front door of an anonymous San Francisco connection. Even then, just where or when to find the bus remains a mystery. A note in the mail a few days later tells you to turn up, with a sleeping bag, at an intersection in the Haight-Ashbury district by sundown Wednesday. Says a friend: "You might end up riding with a bunch of goddam freaks!"

The intersection turns out to be an entrance to Golden Gate Park. At sundown 40 people are crowded around a beat-up purple and white bus. Jeez, how will they all fit? Adam, a frizzy-haired, forlorn-looking grad student in an orange serape, says at least six passengers can bunk in the luggage racks. It begins to rain, and soon sleeping bags are turning to mush. There was no receipt for that \$10 either. Will there be a seat? The woman was pretty evasive on the phone. All this secrecy, the whole scene, in fact, brings back college days in 1967 when you jammed a rug under the door and opened all the windows before you lit a joint.

A young black woman named Sapphire needs three friends to drag aboard a heavy wooden crate, a cross between a coffin and footlocker. Just in from Sonoma, Linden Brolin, a skinny, blond woman in jeans and a black T shirt, with her three-year-old son Björn in tow, keeps asking around for a place to park her camper till she gets back from Tucson. "You won't believe this," she confides. "but I'm 37." You were about to guess 35. Laid-back Dennis Watkins says he's "going to Baja to see the whales."

As passengers climb aboard, the driver collects their \$65 balance. In cash. "Travelers checks are too hard to handle," the voice on the phone had said. Only 20 people get on; the rest are waving goodbye. Instead of regular rows of seats two sofas face the aisle up front. Beyond that, amidsthips, is a card table, one side supported by a length of nylon rope tied to a metal ceiling rack. A long, cushioned sleeping platform, raised about 2 ft. off the floor, fills the whole rear half of the bus. The ponytailed bus driver (there are two drivers aboard) tells people to take off their shoes, so the sleeping platform will stay clean. He says his name is Monk-see and he even spells it out. He also explains there is no smoking on the bus and



Rolling across the Arizona desert on the way to slab ice and zinfandel



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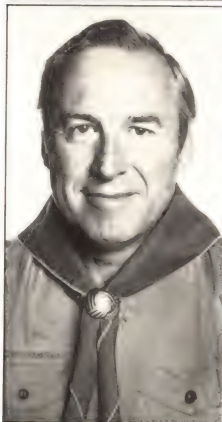
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Why two bottles? His and
hers, of course.

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**When you help
start a Scout
troop, there's no
guarantee one
of the Scouts
will grow up to
go to the
Moon...twice.**

**But
you never know.**

For all the facts on how your organization
can support a Scout troop, call Boy Scouts
of America: The Fundamental Bible Church
of Milwaukee, Wisconsin did, and look
what they've got to show for it.



Prepared as a Public Service by Palmer Lorne & Associates, Inc.

American Scene

no Interstate Commerce Commission license, so please don't tell anyone along the route you are a "paying passenger." The brochure promised that the drivers never drink or take drugs "while behind the wheel." It also made clear that passengers travel at their own risk. Björn is already swinging like a monkey from the luggage racks, while 8-year-old Leah, bound for North Carolina with her mother, purrs and mews to imitate a cat.

There is no bathroom. A funnel in the semiprivate stairwell up front is supposed to serve the truly desperate. Thank God, rest stops are frequent. There is a tape deck, though, with speakers fore and aft. As we pull out, the Beatles pump out *Here Comes the Sun*. And supper starts as some kind of spontaneous combustion. "I've got organic carrots," says Linden, rummaging in a satchel. Before you know it, dates, French bread, salami and a bottle of Mr. Wentz's best Grey Riesling are passing from hand to hand. Monksee announces that he will be too busy to count heads after every rest stop, but he doesn't want to leave anyone behind. A buddy system springs up as spontaneously as food and drink. Dennis, the whale man, is matched with Linden and Jerry, a large, long-haired Texan who is taking the trip, he says, because he "just can't stand the craziness in San Francisco any more." It is Jerry who produces a deck of cards, and the first hand of what turns out to be a five-day rolling poker game gets under way, wooden matches serving as chips.

All this is oddly troubling, for it stirs memories of hipper times, the sweet side and the irritating side, that kind of compulsive counterculture togetherness so full of pressure to conform in nonconformity, everybody maddeningly casual about who owns what. Ungenerously the traveler decides to keep special track of wallet and money while aboard.

People start falling asleep early. By flipping a few panels, the sofas and card table turn into more sleeping platforms. By 2 a.m. there are sleeping bags as far as the eye can see. As the passenger stumbles among them a voice hisses, "There is room here!" It's Adam. He whispers that he is a biologist from M.I.T. Maybe that explains the serape. He was "designing an incurable virus," he says, when he realized what he was doing. He's been on the road for several weeks sorting things out. Daybreak and breakfast in Arizona. Sleeping bags are rolled. The poker game reconvenes. Jerry cheats theatrically. When someone pulls a hidden card out of his pocket, Jerry acts flabbergasted to see it. Everybody laughs. Dennis proudly reveals that he has been an art-class model for five years. "I try to give them more than others do."

So does this underground Trailways. Last year its buses delivered low rates and lots of laughs to more than 1,000 coast-to-coast passengers. The prototype was a VW van on the Portland-to-Berkeley run ten

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RABBIT AND COSTELLO.

How did photographer Marty Costello happen to opt for a VW Rabbit?

"I was shooting for the performance," answered Costello.

See, every day Rabbit and Costello travel the 35 miles round trip from Hammond, Indiana (where they live), to downtown Chicago (where they work). That's a lot of miles.

And a lot of driving in temperatures that plummet to a merciless 20° below in winter and climb all the way up to a sticky, not-so-terrible 100° in summer.

"So why a Rabbit?" we asked.

"Look," he said, "my Rabbit and I have been performing together for over a year now, and we're still going strong. Why? I'll tell you why. I get a lot for my dollar with it. I get a comfortable ride, great visibility, incredible road handling with front-wheel drive, and sensational service from people who are even friendlier than I am."

Nicely put, Mr. Costello.

"And don't forget," he added, "my work has me hopping around all

over the place. I need a car that can get me everywhere quickly and comfortably. One that's rugged enough to be driven almost anywhere, anytime. With my Rabbit, I've got a lot more than just a car with enough room to park all my cameras, props and lighting equipment. I've got a pretty good idea that everything will always arrive in one piece."

Then we asked Costello one final question:

"You seem to get a million calls a day. What determines which job you take?"

To which he replied, with an appropriately devilish grin:

"Who's on first."

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



American Scene

years ago. Its success prompted a flock of imitators, which still crisscross the continent summers and during the Christmas break. "We all know we're working on borrowed time," says one of the owners, who also doubles as a bus driver. "One of these days we'll be found out, and it will be over." At Big Spring, Texas, we have to trade drivers with the west-bound hippie bus. Dave, the night driver, has to get home to Portland. He passes a tequila bottle around as he leaves. "Well folks, it was really organic." Sniffs his replacement: "Smells kind of moldy in here." Very true.

In West Texas the bus enters a stretch of icy country that turns out to last some 2,000 miles, almost to New York, in fact. Wrecked semi-trucks and skidded cars begin to litter the roadside. At one stop, a shocked, trembling trucker keeps saying: "There were cars all around me, and this little one pulled right in front of me. I couldn't stop. I ran right over him."

Depression sets in as the bus is stranded in Arkansas for the night. But Monk-see uncorks some wine, and soon the bus is rocking to the sound of Bob Marley, everybody chanting "no woman no cry" right along with Marley. Jerry and Sapphire dance in the aisle. "What would happen if we were on Greyhound?" someone wonders. Sapphire reaches for the zinfandel. "Gimme that infidel!" Jerry is blowing his harmonica as the bus fills up with the sweet smell of marijuana.

Sunday morning, Slab ice forces the bus off the road again in Carlisle, Ark. (pop. 2,000). As we stumble out, most of us disheveled and collectively smelling as ripe as backpackers three days out, we learn that more than 300 people are already stranded here from all over the U.S. and Canada. The Emmanuel Baptist Church has opened its doors to offer shelter, and this morning the church ladies are dishing up a free hot meal in the auditorium. "When we realized there were no rooms at the motel and bad weather in all directions," recalls Church Member Russell Thrift, "we told the boy down at the gas station to let folks know they could stay at the church. We did the same thing last year. Every time this happens, when folks are gone we find checks here and there, tucked into the pulpit or the music stand." A sign in the church foyer reads NO MAN IS AN ISLAND.

Memphis, Greensboro, N.C., Baltimore. When the bus finally pulls into New York City we are close to three days late. But no one is eager to say goodbye. It does not seem to matter that the whole experience seems as corny as a 1940s movie. Roughing it, sharing everything from spare cash to toothbrushes, has formed bonds unheard of on Amtrak. Jerry, Ted and Susie stay aboard, heading for the last stop in Boston. As the bus pulls out, the traveler, walking away in the snow, hands jammed into pockets against the cold, finds that someone has slipped her the jack of hearts.

—Janice Castro

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8. A complete Progress Report each year.
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Little Angela Margarita has lovely chestnut brown hair to match her mischievous brown eyes. She suffers from a serious respiratory problem, and lives with her family in this mud and cane house, with a floor of damp packed earth. By the time you read these words, a Foster Parent will have come to her rescue. But so many other children are waiting for your love...

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Nation

TIME/FEB. 12, 1979

Teng's Triumphant Tour

"A honeymoon," says China's leader of his search for aid and allies

March on, brave people of our nation, our Communist Party leads us on our new Long March. Millions as one, we march, march on...

The strains of the Chinese national anthem sounded first last week on the south lawn of the White House, as summit protocol demands. Then the U.S. Army Band gave an equally rousing version of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. From a windswept podium on the crest of the low hill, the two leaders exchanged bland welcoming remarks, then mounted a balcony to acknowledge the applauding crowd of some 1,000 dignitaries. Suddenly, Chinese Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing departed from the traditional script. He impulsively

Atlanta, the Johnson Space Center in Houston, a Boeing plant outside Seattle.

It will take months before the full implications of Teng's visit are known. At the very least, his tour marks a dramatic new phase in the relationship between the two giant nations, a phase symbolized last week by the signing of scientific and cultural-exchange agreements, by the prospects of greatly increased trade and of another summit conference in China later this year. Over and over, Teng made it clear that he is urgently looking for American credit and technology to modernize his backward nation. The early signs are that he will get much of what he is seeking.

But in this sudden flowering of Sino-American friendship after 30 years of hos-

SALT negotiations. This seemed to contradict Carter's past statements in private that the Soviets were indeed delaying SALT because of their concern over the new Sino-American relationship. Some officials suggested that Vance and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko may have to meet to clear away the smoke from Teng's visit before the SALT talks can be completed and a date set for Carter's planned meeting with Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev.

The summit with Teng officially began at 10 a.m. on a gray and threatening Monday. Teng and his diminutive wife Cho Lin pulled up to the south lawn in a black armored limousine and were warmly greeted by Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter. Teng briskly walked down the line of



grabbed Jimmy Carter's hand and held it high. They looked like a pair of politicians just nominated by a national convention, and there was little doubt about which man thought he was running at the head of the ticket.

No gesture better captured the spirit and mood of Teng's nine-day visit to the U.S. last week. After surviving purges back home, setting his country on a quick-step march toward modernization, and winning diplomatic recognition from the most powerful nation in the West, Teng could be forgiven for indulging in a moment of triumph. His trip to Washington was the first ever by a top-ranking Chinese Communist leader, and it added a personal normalization of relations between the two countries to the diplomatic normalization that took effect on Jan. 1.

Washington responded by staging the most fervent welcome for a foreign visitor since Nikita Khrushchev came calling in 1959. Showing few signs of his 74 years, Teng rushed through a formidable schedule of official and semi-official events. He talked for 5½ hours with Carter, dined at the White House, lunched with Senators and U.S. reporters, sampled American culture at the Kennedy Center and barnstormed across the country, getting a firsthand look along the way at American enterprise: a Ford plant near

utility—including three years of bitter warfare in Korea—there lie serious dangers of increased instability in the East-West balance of power. Teng was amply provocative in his warnings that "the danger of war comes from the Soviet Union," and Carter, perhaps unwisely, joined him in a new denunciation of "hegemony," which the Chinese define as Soviet expansionism.

The highly suspicious and certainly angry Soviets, who have already been stalling on the nearly completed SALT agreement, protested Teng's "incendiary statements." Soviet Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin went to ask Secretary of State Cyrus Vance for an explanation of U.S. behavior. Vance told him that the word hegemony was not intended by the U.S. to be anti-Soviet.

Reassuring the Soviets of U.S. even-handedness has been an aim of the Administration since its recognition of Peking. Promised Carter two weeks ago: "We will be cautious in not trying to have an unbalanced relationship [with] China and the Soviet Union." But his willingness to let Teng denounce the Soviets on U.S. soil and the use of the buzzword hegemony will now make that balancing act more difficult. Just how much was a subject of disagreement. A White House aide insisted that Carter believes there will be no effect on U.S.-Soviet relations or the

35 U.S. dignitaries, shaking hands with the rest of a U.S. politician, and then clambered onto the small red-carpeted reviewing stand. The wind gusted so hard that Rosalynn reached out to steady Cho Lin as she wobbled on the steps.

"It is a time when family quarrels are forgotten," said Carter in his welcoming speech. Suddenly, a woman standing among reporters about 20 ft. from the podium began waving a copy of Mao Tse-tung's Little Red Book and screaming, "Teng is a murderer!" No sooner had U.S. Secret Service men dragged her away than a man perched on a platform erected for TV cameras shouted a paraphrase of one of Mao's sayings: "You cannot make this a garden party! You cannot stop the revolution!" Secret Service men carted him away too. Both were reporters for a Maoist press service in Seattle and had used their press credentials to get onto the south lawn. Unperturbed, Carter spoke steadily on, missing not a line, but Teng looked startled and Rosalynn later admitted that she had been frightened. "I wondered how many more there would be," she murmured. None, it turned out. About 800 other demonstrators, including Maoists, anti-Communist Chinese and anti-Nationalist Taiwanese, were kept behind barricades, well away from the White House.



At attention during the national anthems; below: signing agreements



When the time came for Teng to speak, the barely 5-ft. Vice Premier mounted a booster step so that he could see over the lectern. Speaking in his thick Szechwan accent, he talked of the "great possibilities," "broad vistas" and "fruitful results" that Sino-American cooperation offered.

The serious business of the summit began at 11 a.m., when Carter ushered Teng to his seat at the highly polished mahogany table in the Cabinet Room. "May I smoke?" asked the Vice Premier, pulling out a pack of Chinese-made Panda filter-tip cigarettes. Soon the air was thick with smoke. And soon the two leaders discovered that they liked dealing with each



Leaders and wives on the platform

other. There was no posturing and no haggling during the three face-to-face sessions. At one point, Michel Oksenberg, the National Security Council's China specialist, slid a scribbled note across the table to Presidential Aide Hamilton Jordan. The euphoric message: "This is a historic meeting. You are witnessing the takeoff of Sino-American relations." Another White House aide said of Carter and Teng, "It's impossible to exaggerate the significance of their personal rapport. There's a feel to the relationship that will set the tone for the future."

Carter and Teng did all of the talking, despite the presence of phalanxes of aides. They included Vice President Walter Mondale, Secretary of State Vance and National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski on the American side, Vice Premier and Science Adviser Fang Yi



Carter speaking at the state dinner for Teng in the White House



Nixon and Kissinger in the East Room

and Foreign Minister Huang Hua on the Chinese side. The first two sessions—3 hr. 45 min. on Monday and 1 hr. 50 min. on Tuesday—ranged over the troubles in Iran, Afghanistan and Pakistan, the Middle East, southern Africa, Central Europe, Korea and Indochina. During an exchange of views on emigration, Carter and Teng engaged in some banter. "You can have 10 million Chinese if you wish," the Vice Premier said, hawking and spitting into a spittoon at his feet. "In that case, we'll send you 10,000 journalists," said Carter. That was enough on that subject.

There was no levity when the leaders turned to two Chinese obsessions: the Soviet Union and Taiwan. In an interview with TIME on the eve of the summit, Teng had delivered a scathing attack on Moscow, describing the Kremlin as "the true hotbed of war" and saying that if China, Japan and the U.S. "really want to be able to place curbs on the polar bear, the



The President offering a toast to the Vice Premier after dinner

only realistic thing for us is to unite."

In private talks with Teng, Administration officials stressed that the U.S. wanted to treat Moscow and Peking evenhandedly. Vice President Mondale told TIME: "The President made it clear to Vice Premier Teng that we want a warm, but correct, relationship—not one of alliance but of cooperation." Carter urged Teng to look at things from the Soviet perspective. It was pointed out that Moscow

claims to be as anxious about the Chinese masses on its eastern frontier as Peking is about the Soviet military buildup.

Teng disagreed, insisting that Soviet policies are essentially aggressive. He did not actually oppose the prospective SALT I treaty, but he repeated to Carter his view, stated to TIME, that the U.S. should not expect much from SALT. According to a White House aide, Teng told Carter that "SALT cannot supplant the need for de-

Acknowledging the audience's applause at Kennedy Center; greeting the Globetrotters after the gala



Nation

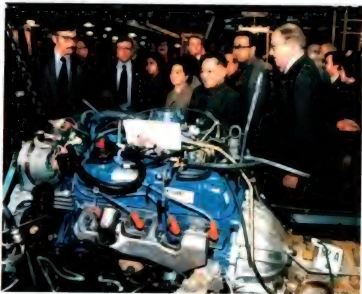
cisive action in other ways." He did not spell out what other ways he had in mind. On Capitol Hill, Teng's warning about SALT may well have caused a couple of Senators to change their votes, lessening the Administration's chances of getting a treaty ratified.

In public, Teng at the outset mentioned the Soviets only obliquely. As the week progressed, however, he sharply escalated his attacks. During a visit to Washington's National Gallery, for example, he startled 1,000 guests by saying that the "danger of a new world war" was increasing because of the Kremlin's "zealous pushing of global strategy for world domination." Soon, with no objections from his hosts to restrain him, Teng began turning more and more of his public appearances into forums for assaults on the Soviets, though he took care to do

ment officials strongly advised against any mention of hegemony. But Carter decided to go along with the reasoning of White House advisers who maintained that there had been "no big hassle" when the same code word had appeared in previous Sino-American declarations. It was Brzezinski, in fact, who suggested that the addition of "domination" would moderate the irritating aspects of "hegemony." This mysterious reasoning apparently persuaded Vance, and at a meeting between the two men, he went along with Brzezinski's view. Said one senior Carter aide: "The Chinese got 'hegemony,' we got 'domination.' The compromise was an example of traditional Chinese wisdom." Added a White House official: "We have no problem with the word 'hegemony' even if it does upset Moscow." At the State Department, however, senior diplomats re-

unless it has to. "If they refuse to negotiate," he asked House Speaker Tip O'Neill, "what are we to do?" But Teng promised the Senators and Congressmen that after reunification, Taiwan can retain its capitalistic economy and even its armed forces.

These reassurances won Teng high marks from all but the most die-hard supporters of Taiwan. Chief among them is Senator Barry Goldwater, who ducked Teng's visit by going home to Arizona for the week. But another conservative leader, Republican Senator Paul Laxalt of Nevada, called Teng's lobbying "generally effective." Senator Ted Kennedy declared that the Vice Premier had made a "hell of an impression." Said Republican Senator Jacob Javits of New York: "He didn't commit



Touring a Ford assembly plant near Atlanta; at the controls of a simulated space shuttle in Houston

so only when top U.S. officials were not present.

The Soviets at first scarcely mentioned Teng's trip. Then, angered by his denunciation, *Pravda* blasted Teng for "rabid anti-Sovietism and hostility toward the policy of relaxation of international tension." The Soviets, however, seemed to recognize that the Administration was trying to put itself at a distance from Teng's harshest statements. Thus Soviet attacks on the Chinese leader spared Carter.

The Administration confused the situation even more by agreeing to a joint communique that condemned efforts by any country "to establish hegemony or domination over others." Originally the U.S. had announced that there would be no communique, partly to avoid intricate arguments over semantic difficulties such as this. When the White House proposed a joint statement after all, State Depart-

ment officials strongly advised against any mention of hegemony. But Carter decided to go along with the reasoning of White House advisers who maintained that there had been "no big hassle" when the same code word had appeared in previous Sino-American declarations.

Teng was also obdurate on the subject of Taiwan. Carter pressed him for explicit assurances that China would not use force to unify the island with the mainland. Teng refused, later telling reporters: "We will try our very best by peaceful means to bring about the return of Taiwan to the mainland... If we are to commit ourselves to not using armed force at all, it would be the equivalent of tying up our own hands [in any negotiations with the Nationalists]."

Taiwan also dominated Teng's talks in another forum: Capitol Hill. He lunched with 85 Senators, drank tea with 80 Congressmen and chatted privately with Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd and House leaders. The Vice Premier repeatedly told his congressional hosts that Peking will not use force against Taiwan,

himself down the line [on Taiwan], but he said enough so that our normalization can go ahead."

During their third session of talks on Tuesday, Carter and Teng spent 25 minutes alone, with just an interpreter, in the Oval Office. White House aides refused to disclose anything at all about the exchange except that it was "extremely useful." Carter and Teng then moved back to the Cabinet Room to discuss ways to improve business relations. They came so close to settling the problem of frozen assets (\$76 million held by the U.S., \$197 million by the Chinese) that Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal is expected to have little trouble concluding a trade agreement when he goes to Peking later this month.

Next, Carter and Teng reached quick agreement on five accords that had largely been worked out ahead of time by aides. Signed the following day, the pacts only



Cho Lin playing with the patients at Washington Children's Hospital

Old Acquaintance at First Sight

The stagecoach at the Smithsonian's Museum of History and Technology fascinated her because she and her husband enjoy the western movies newly available in China. The general store transplanted from the hills of West Virginia prompted her to ask if it had been a co-op. But it was the reconstructed kitchen of an Italian immigrant of the 1920s that elicited her greatest admiration. Although it was supposed to show the poverty and hardship suffered by America's immigrants, Cho Lin, the warm and plump wife of Teng Hsiao-p'ing, saw it quite differently. "They certainly had high living standards," she marveled.

Cho Lin was born in 1916 to a landlord of the Yunnan province in southern China. She quit college in Peking and joined the Communists after Mao's Long March of the mid-1930s. She soon met Teng, one of the party's rising stars. Teng had apparently abandoned a first wife, betrothed to him by his parents without his consent, and had lost his second wife, perhaps during the Long March. He and Cho Lin were married in 1940.

Cho Lin remained in the background and raised four children during her husband's rise. Both times when he was purged, she followed him into rural exile. But when he journeyed to Japan last fall, she adopted a public role, standing ceremoniously by his side and visiting schools and factories. She also took on a sensitive post in the Communist Party's Military Advisory Commission, reportedly to keep watch on security matters for her husband. But she has no political strength of her own and is not a member of the ruling Politburo.

Only one Chinese woman holds a top post through her own merit or political power. Chen Mu-hua, the Minister of Economic Relations with Foreign Countries. Said Cho Lin in her toast at a State Department lunch: "Your striving for liberation has always been admired by women in China. American women are making a growing impact on change and progress in American society. We have much to learn from you."

Cho Lin displayed a special fondness for children (she and Teng have two grandchildren), particularly Amy Carter. She held hands with Amy during the entire gala performance at the Kennedy Center, visited the Chinese pandas at the National Zoo with her, and dropped in at her sixth-grade math class. She asked that her schedule be changed so that she would have twice as much time at a children's hospital.

With her gracious comments, warm smile, and steel-rimmed glasses slipping down her nose, Cho Lin seemed to reconfirm an old Chinese saying that she quoted: "We become old acquaintances at first sight."



With Mrs. Carter at a reception

modestly advanced relations between the two countries, but they served as tokens of the payoff that normalization is supposed to bring. The U.S. agreed to let Peking open consulates in Houston and San Francisco in exchange for American consulates in Canton and Shanghai. The U.S. also promised to sell China on credit a communications satellite system that will cost about \$500 million, and a 50-billion electron-volt accelerator, used in nuclear research. This would cost up to \$200 million and would be the largest such installation in China, but only one-eighth the energy of one now operating at Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory in Batavia, Ill. Finally, the two countries formally agreed to exchanges of scholars, journalists and cultural groups. To head off any worries in Moscow about the agreements, the Administration emphasized that the U.S. was not providing Peking with anything that the Soviets do not already have.

At the end of the signing ceremony, in an East Room packed with Cabinet members, Senators, Congressmen and Chinese officials, Carter termed the three days of talks with Teng "truly exceptional." The President added: "We have charted a new and irreversible course toward a firmer, more constructive and a more hopeful relationship." Teng's reply was short, warm and much in the same vein: "We have just done a significant job. This is not the end, but a beginning."

The talks with Carter were only one of Teng's purposes in coming to the U.S. Another was, as he put it, "to get to know all about American life." He actually began these lessons on Sunday evening, just a few hours after his blue and white Chinese Boeing 707 touched down at Andrews Air Force Base. Teng, his wife and other top members of his delegation were whisked off to Brzezinski's home in suburban Virginia for a roast beef dinner that was cooked by Brzezinski's wife Emilie and served by their three children. Included among the guests were Secretary of State Vance and Leonard Woodcock, Carter's nominee as U.S. Ambassador to Peking. Despite the rigors of the 18-hour flight from Peking, Teng was in fine spirits. He was asked at one point whether he ever ran into criticism from provincial officials, comparable to criticisms of Carter in the U.S. Senate. He replied with a grin: "From only one province—Taiwan." Later, Brzezinski recalled how his wife, during their trip to Peking last May, had breached diplomatic protocol by offering a toast. Joshua Vance: "There'll be no more of that." Interrupted Teng: "If you silence her, you will be violating her human rights."

The social high point of Teng's visit to Washington occurred the following night, after he had put in a strenuous day of talks with Carter that did not end until 5:55 p.m. Just 35 minutes later, looking fresh and beaming, the septuagenarian and his wife arrived at the North Portico of the White House for the state

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dinner in their honor. The full-dress arrangements had been supervised by Rosalynn Carter, from the menu (veal and broccoli) to the centerpiece of red, pink and white carnations, which are native to Cho Lin's home province of Yunnan. Rosalynn also oversaw the pruning of the guest list to 140 dignitaries, which made the tickets the toughest to obtain in Washington in years. The invitations went mostly to high Government officials but also to eleven industrialists who are eager to cash in on the China rapprochement. One of them thrust his business card into Teng's hand while he stood in the receiving line.

The most controversial guest was Richard Nixon, whom Teng had asked to see because his 1972 trip to Peking began the chain of events that led to normalization of relations. It was Nixon's first visit to the White House since his resignation in 1974, and there were some awkward moments. Speaker O'Neill's wife refused to sit at the same table with him. The former President stayed in a corner of the East Room during cocktails, talking with former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. "I said that I was glad to see him again," said Kissinger afterwards, "and he seemed happy to be back. We retired people reminisce about ourselves, not about the Chinese. It was a rather emotional conversation." At dinner Nixon sat across from Brzezinski, who asked him



Teng inspecting a Brahma bull in Texas. Yelled the crowd: "Whoopee!"

what leaders he admired most. "You won't catch me naming them," said Nixon, then could not resist citing Charles de Gaulle, the Shah of Iran and Chiang Kai-shek.

After dinner the festivities continued at the Kennedy Center, with an hour-long variety show that included excerpts from the Broadway musical *Eubie*, the Joffrey

Ballet dancing *Rodeo*, Rudolf Serkin playing a Schubert impromptu and John Denver singing *Rocky Mountain High*. Then came a surprise for basketball fan Teng, the clowning of the Harlem Globetrotters. Teng also clearly enjoyed the singing of *I Love Tien An Men Square*, in Chinese, by the 80-member National Children's Choir. After the show, the Carters, Teng, and his wife, who was holding hands with Amy Carter, rushed up to shake hands with the Globetrotters and kiss the children. Carter finally exited with Teng stage left, his arm draped casually around the Vice Premier's stocky shoulders.

Teng took his show on the road early Thursday morning. He was accompanied by U.S. Trade Negotiator Robert Strauss, Commerce Secretary Juanita Kreps and two platoons of lesser officials, reporters and cameramen—a total of 290, one of the largest entourages ever to follow a foreign dignitary on a tour of the U.S. (notably absent: any Soviet press representative).

The first stop was Atlanta, where the Vice Premier was welcomed enthusiastically by 1,500 people at a \$20-a-plate luncheon in the ballroom of the gleaming 73-story Peachtree Plaza Hotel. The guests included former Secretary of State Dean Rusk, once an implacable foe of Chinese Communism, who chatted amiably during lunch with Chinese Foreign Minister Huang Hua. In the audience were several hundred bankers and heads of corporations, and Teng directed most of his remarks toward them. Said he

"Virtually Everything Needs to Be Done"

"We must foster lofty ideals and set high goals, work out a strategic plan, fully mobilize all positive factors and organize all our forces well." So said Fang Yi, China's powerful but little-known Vice Premier and Minister of Science and Technology. The occasion was his announcement last year of China's audacious plan to overcome a lag of 15 to 20 years and by the year 2000 reach the scientific level of the advanced industrial world. Last week, while Teng Hsiao-ping policed his way across the nation, Fang embarked on what was in effect his own separate tour of the U.S. technological landscape.

A scholarly man of 69, his face blemished by a large purple birthmark, Fang is not a scientist. He was an editor at China's leading publishing house, the Shanghai-based Commercial Press, before joining the Communist Party in 1936. A military commissar during World War II, he worked his way up through a series of economic posts to become Vice Minister of Finance in 1953, coordinator of China's North Viet Nam aid program in 1956, and director of China's entire foreign aid program during the 1960s. A protégé of Premier Chou En-lai, Fang managed to avoid being purged during the

Cultural Revolution, but it was not until Teng rose to power again in 1977 that Fang achieved his present eminence.

"Virtually everything needs to be done," Fang has said in summarizing China's technological position. As president of China's Academy of Sciences, he is interested in all areas of direct scientific research. After a talk last week with White



Fang Yi viewing solar power in Georgia

House Science Adviser Frank Press on future Chinese-American projects, Fang left for Atlanta's Georgia Institute of Technology. There he inspected the Landsat photographs surveying natural resources and a solar-energy farm that can produce 400 kw of electricity. In Houston, he visited the Texas Medical Center, M.D. Anderson Hospital and Methodist Hospital. But the highlight of Fang's U.S. trip was Los Angeles. Fang was given a detailed tour of Lockheed's L-1011 assembly plant at nearby Palmdale and shown the company's closely guarded research laboratory at Rye Canyon.

Fang now must ponder China's plan to develop modern technology. This, as expressed by his Academy of Sciences predecessor, Kuo Mo-jo, will be "a magnum opus" which will "not be written on limited reams of paper but in the universe that knows no bounds."

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"There is much in your experience from which we can benefit. We would like to learn from you." Several members of the audience sounded eager to teach him. "What we're talking about here is money," Accountant Will Kidd murmured to a luncheon guest. Added Lawyer Thomas Lamar Jr.: "This is a booster town. It doesn't worry so much about political stripes."

Teng moved quickly to his favorite theme: "The danger of world war remains, and hegemonism is the greatest threat to world peace and security." He pointedly cited the similar statement in the Sino-U.S. communiqué as one of "far-reaching significance." By carrying this anti-Soviet message to Atlanta, he was in a sense appealing directly to the people, over the heads of their leaders in Washington. He received a standing ovation.

After lunch, at the insistence of Southern black leaders, Teng stopped at the grave of Martin Luther King Jr., where he bowed three times and laid a wreath. Then he went to a Ford Motor Co. plant outside Atlanta, which last year assembled 183,000 LTDs—14 times the number of cars annually produced in all of China. Driving in a golf cart with Guide Henry Ford II around the 1.8 million-sq.-ft. plant, Teng watched workmen install windshield wipers and air cleaners. He asked the plant manager questions about manufacturing and discussed working conditions with Walter Hood, 28, who said he earns \$325 a week bolting car bodies to chassis. By contrast, the average factory worker's salary in China is about \$30 a month.

Next day Teng flew to Houston. He found Texans eager to sell oil drilling rigs to his country, though wary of his politics. But conservative Governor William Clements, the millionaire founder of Sedco, an oil drilling firm, had no qualms. "Treat him with the same hospitality as a guest in our home," he advised Texans, and they responded by providing Teng with the most fun of the week.

At the Lyndon B. Johnson Space Center, Teng squeezed into the co-pilot's seat of a mock space shuttle that is used to train the astronauts who will make the first actual shuttle flight, scheduled for November. With veteran Astronaut Fred Haise as his pilot, Teng came in for a simulated landing from 100,000 feet. As the shuttle supposedly flew at three times the speed of sound, he peered through the cockpit window while Haise pointed out the sights, which were projected on a TV screen: the earth's curvature, the Pacific coast, the lights of Las Vegas and, finally, Edwards Air Force Base in Califor-

nia. During a second landing, Teng had the job of pushing a button at 200 ft. to lower the landing gear. As the runway came into view, he beamed and raised both hands in wonder. Teng eagerly agreed to a third flight but reluctantly canceled it when told that he was running behind schedule.

That night Teng soldiered through a Texas-style barbecue at a restaurant outside Houston. He ate highly spiced beef, ribs and sausages, baked beans, potato salad and several fiery jalapeño peppers, all washed down with draft beer. Then, accompanied by Wife Cho Lin, who wore a

horses around barrels and cowboys rope calves and ride bucking broncos and bulls.

The following morning Teng was all business again. At breakfast with 50 editors and publishers, he expressed the hope that China eventually will rival in oil exports the members of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. To develop its vast oil reserves, China will first need U.S. drilling equipment and technology. Teng got a look at both after breakfast at the Hughes Tool Co., where he finished the Houston leg of his trip by touring two dark, noisy and almost fully automated plants.

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After flying Saturday afternoon to Seattle, Teng spent the night at the Washington Plaza Hotel. The next morning, Teng's party was to board a 90-ft. hydrofoil for a high-speed tour of Seattle's port. Among the sights: a grain elevator and loading dock that the Chinese specifically asked to see, a container loading dock and the Lockheed shipyard. In the afternoon, Teng was to visit the Boeing plant in Everett 30 miles north of Seattle. There, on the floor of the world's most spacious building (200 million cu. ft.), are eleven Boeing 747s in various stages of construction. After dinner with executives of five firms that do business with China (Dungeness crabs, oysters, and at Teng's request filet mignon) and a night's rest, Teng and his party would board their 707 for the return to the Middle Kingdom.

Behind him, Teng left a state of near euphoria among many political and business leaders, excited about the "parallel interests" of China and the U.S. that his triumphant tour seemed to have illuminated. But some Sinologists, including Harvard's John Fairbanks, dean of U.S. China watchers, were already warning that this euphoria might prove dangerous. They fear that when Americans encounter the inevitable difficulties of dealing and trading with what is still an authoritarian regime, their exuberance could soon change to disillusionment. More fundamentally, top diplomats feel that Americans should remember the fact that Washington's most critical relationship in world politics is not with essentially backward and poverty-ridden China but with the powerful and menacing Soviet Union.

For the moment, American officials were pleasantly impressed by how smoothly Teng's visit had gone, and Teng Hsiao-p'ing, in his reserved way, seemed to share the mood of jubilation. Said he: "The honeymoon will continue." It was a beguiling prediction, for Teng is a beguiling man, but such prospects should not cause Americans to lose sight of their basic interests. ■



He's got a real firm handshake.

ten-gallon hat, he walked across a muddy parking lot on a red carpet sprinkled with sawdust and into an arena for his first western rodeo.

As he entered the building, a country band struck up the tune *Cotton-Eyed Joe*, and the crowd of 1,500 people, mostly well-to-do Texans who had paid \$50 each for their bleacher seats, began clapping rhythmically and yelling "whoopie" and "ah ha." When Teng put on a ten-gallon hat, the crowd howled with delight. He took off the hat and waved it cowboy-style over his head. To open the show, Teng and Foreign Minister Huang rode twice around the arena in a stagecoach drawn by two horses. The Vice Premier waved happily to the crowd and returned to his seat to watch cowgirls race their

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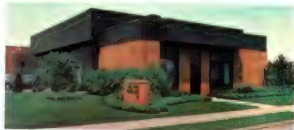
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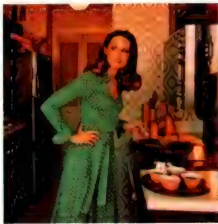
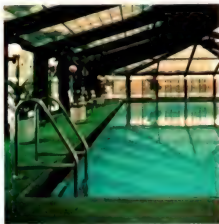
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Nation

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

It's Best to Be the Visitor

It was fun having Teng Hsiao-p'ing around town, a truncated Vice Premier with a jack-o'-lantern face, who sees polar bears over his shoulder. The feeling was marvelous. The talk was good. The food was mediocre. The wine was awful. Since so much of what happens to all the rest of us hinges on how these top fellows get along, and since they made a go of it (despite the dreary champagne), it was worth the tab, conservatively estimated at \$1 million, including the stops in the provinces.

It is a shame that protocol dictated that Teng come to the United States before Jimmy Carter went to Peking. Summit meetings are more meaningful for a U.S. President if he has seen something of the other man's country. Even after 200 years of organized history, U.S. Presidents, who often come out of the fields or the Rotary halls, tend to be more guileless than their counterparts, who frequently are professional rulers. Also, the U.S. has so much more of almost everything than the country of any visitor that it is difficult for a President to assess the promises being made and to understand the motivations of his visitors.

Even the short drive from the Peking airport to his guest quarters had a profound impact on Richard Nixon in 1972. There were only a few planes at the airport. Hardly any other cars were on the highways. Masses of bicycles flowed down the city streets. Apartments and houses were gray, monotonous, wretched. The people reacted like automatons. Former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger teaches that the best of negotiators can call up from the backs of their minds specific street scenes to ground their deliberations in reality. Nothing has gone wrong so far in Carter's China overtures, but being a trusting man, the President does tend to let hope overwhelm fact now and then. Had he seen Peking, Carter might now be a little more restrained, better able to be sure about how far China has to go, how difficult that journey may be.



Carter's next summit partner

The fact that he has never been in Moscow to parley in the Kremlin with Leonid Brezhnev and the Politburo will be even more of a handicap to Carter when the Soviet chief makes what is almost sure to be a SALT-signing visit in Washington this spring. The Soviet summit is "big casino," in the words of one American. Carter will be dealing with a superpower, not a nation

of poverty that happens to reek with potential.

Force—even brutality—is palpable in one of those Kremlin receptions, where the ranks of red-faced, beribboned generals and admirals step up unsmiling to the tables of food and vodka, casting cold eyes over all assembled, including their associates. Even in discussions of the weather, ideological inflexibility emerges, spawned by that Soviet sense of inferiority that suggests they are going to prove they are right, come what may. There are those who still insist that one reason for the success of the 1972 Moscow summit was that Nixon had bombed Haiphong and mined the city's harbor in North Viet Nam only a few weeks before he went to Russia.

The Soviets have helped Carter out with this handicap of his. They lied to him about their involvement in Africa. Andrei Gromyko's eyeball-to-eyeball prevarication on that occasion is perhaps the greatest breach of diplomatic trust yet experienced by Carter. He believes the Chinese have never lied to him. Beyond that, when the President discussed the world with Teng, both men were somewhat surprised at how much they agreed about Western Europe, Africa, the Middle East. Even at this tentative stage, the Americans who are looking ahead to the Brezhnev meeting see that there will be substantive confrontations on Iran, Afghanistan, Ethiopia, South Yemen, Cuba, Cambodia.

That will help cool any White House session with the Soviets. But the sooner Carter returns the expected Brezhnev visit and gets himself to the Kremlin, the better off we all will be. Carter may have an inkling about that. When he greeted Teng on the South Lawn of the White House last week, he dragged out that old Chinese proverb: "Seeing once is worth more than 100 descriptions."



Former AID Administrator John Gilligan

Kicked Out

AID Chief Gilligan goes

"Maybe he talked too loud." That was one explanation in Washington for the sudden resignation last week of John Gilligan as the administrator of the Agency for International Development. A former Congressman and Governor of Ohio from 1970 to 1974, Gilligan clashed with top Administration officials over the policies of the bureaucracy that in fiscal 1978 dispensed \$1.7 billion in foreign aid. In fact, the resignation may have been forced by his boss, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance.

Gilligan became controversial almost from the day he arrived at AID two years ago. After surveying his staff, he bluntly declared that too many of them were "overage, overgrade and over here." His last complaint reflected his conviction that foreign aid administrators should be based in the countries being served.

While Gilligan's sweeping managerial style won some praise in Congress, it undermined morale at AID. When he asked subordinates to anonymously grade his performance last year, 80% rated him "unsatisfactory." He antagonized the Departments of State, Treasury and Agriculture by stubbornly advocating that some of their foreign assistance activities be handed over, along with the Peace Corps, to a new superagency that he presumably would head. Nor could Vance have appreciated Gilligan's criticisms of the \$2 billion in economic aid the U.S. now gives Israel and Egypt, 25.6% of the entire economic foreign assistance program.

Gilligan was never personally close to Carter, and his tenure has been in doubt for some time. His own response to such talk: "I'm not leaving until the guy kicks me out." That apparently is what Cyrus Vance did last week.

Nation



Stovall addressing state legislature

Kentucky's Shrewd Lady

When Gov's away, she can play

If nothing else, Thelma Stovall has found a novel way to make the Governor of Kentucky stick to his old Kentucky home. If he wanders too far or tarries too long beyond the state's borders, he had better look back and ask, "What's Thelma up to now?"

Stovall, 59, a modest but tough Democratic politician, struck first in 1959. She was secretary of state then, the third-ranking office in Kentucky, and she found one day that both Governor Happy Chandler and his Lieutenant Governor were away. By law, that made her the boss. So she pardoned three prisoners, including a holdup man sentenced to up to life for stealing \$28.

Still holding elective office 19 years later, Thelma pounced again last March, after she had moved up to Lieutenant Governor. When the current Governor, Democrat Julian Carroll, left the state briefly, Stovall exercised her temporary veto authority to kill the Kentucky legislature's attempt to rescind its earlier ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment. The veto stuck.

But last November, Thelma outdid herself. She had watched restlessly as Governor Carroll, a Presbyterian lay preacher and political gadfly, proved so prone to travel that he became known as "the Flying Deacon." She also felt he had failed to provide solid leadership on tax cuts over Kentucky's ineffective legislature, which meets only 60 days every two

years. When the legislature left Frankfort without doing anything to soothe the state's increasingly irate taxpayers, Thelma started watching the Governor's schedule. Aha, she spotted a trip. She polished her plans.

Carroll was off blithely chairing a Georgia training session for new Governors when Stovall seized the executive reins to call a special session of the legislature. It would, she decreed, face up to the state's tax burden. Moreover, she had a program of her own: end the state taxes on water and heating fuel for residences; lower the state income tax; freeze almost all property taxes; reduce the escalating fines for traffic tickets.

Outraged, Governor Carroll returned after two days' absence to fight Stovall's use of his own powers. When the legislators assembled last month, the Governor ignored the special session and fought any tax reduction on the grounds that the state could not afford it. But after the legislators grilled Carroll's financial aides and decided that taxes were indeed too high and could be cut, he surrendered to Thelma's coup. Last week he addressed a joint session of the legislature and endorsed much of the tax-cutting program. Some form of tax relief is expected to win final approval this week.

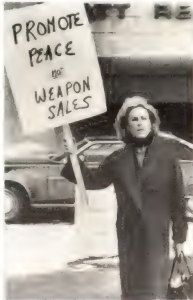
A popular tax cut was not the only thing on Thelma's mind. As she well knew, her desire to shake things up while the boss is away had made her a political heroine. She is now one of the favorites in this year's race to succeed Carroll, who is ineligible to succeed himself. If she survives the May primary and wins in November, one thing is likely: Thelma Stovall will be a woman Governor who knows that her place is in the mansion. ■

Up in Arms

Protests over a weapons show

The annual meeting of the Hyatt Corp. is generally an accommodating affair. Last week, however, the company's gathering in Chicago became the target of protesters who are up in arms over a conference scheduled later this month in the O'Hare International Trade and Exhibition Center and the Hyatt Hotel near Chicago's O'Hare International Airport.

"Defense Technology '79," the conference calls itself. An "arms bazaar," its foes charge. Whichever, it will bring together on Feb. 18-21 arms manufacturers, potential buyers and military strategy experts from the U.S. and foreign countries, including the Soviet Union, Egypt and South Korea. Nearly 60 exhibitors, among them such U.S. defense manufacturers as Beech Aircraft and Boeing Aerospace, have signed up. Simultaneously, in the Hyatt Hotel, former intelligence officials of the U.S. and Britain and military strategy specialists from business



Marjorie Benton outside Hyatt Hotel

"This is not a dog show, not a boat show."


and academia will stage a "Conference on Strategic Directions." The conference, says Chief Sponsor Gregory Copley, editor of Britain's Defense and Foreign Affairs Publications, will offer strategy experts the opportunity to discuss the latest global and military developments "in a frank and private exchange of ideas. No one is going to drive up in a tank."

Opponents of the conference wonder. Complained Chicago Socialite and Democratic Party Activist Marjorie Benton, a U.S. delegate to last year's U.N. special session on disarmament. "This is not a dog show, not a boat show. It's a military hardware show where they'll be selling everything from thumbscrews to missiles." At the Hyatt stockholders' meeting last week, Benton delivered an impassioned eight-minute lecture on corporate morality. Senator Charles Percy and Representative Abner J. Mikva have asked the sponsors to cancel the exhibition.

Letter writers have protested to Hyatt and Illinois' Rosemont Village, which owns the Exposition Center. The group, "Mobilization for Survival," composed of antinuclear, environmentalist and peace activists, has threatened a demonstration if the exhibition takes place. One of the prospective protesters is Actor and Disarmament Delegate Paul Newman.

Such protests have given Hyatt second thoughts about allowing the conference, but cancellation could bring a six-figure damage suit by the sponsors.

Copley, meanwhile, is standing firm, perhaps remembering the annoyance he suffered when a similar gathering he had planned in Miami last year was canceled. Said he: "This is a conference for professionals, and we don't intend to see it disrupted by emotional amateurs." ■



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The Cuban Coffee Caper

How Castro paid \$8.7 million and got not a single cupful

As Cuba's ruler for the past 20 years, Fidel Castro obviously wasn't born yesterday. He has triumphed over attempted invasions, coups and assassinations. He has felt confident enough to send troops to Africa to stir up trouble. Yet he has now been taken, in a huge swindle brought off by a group of men accused of selling Cuba a cargo of nonexistent coffee. The ruse, involving transactions from Canada to the Caribbean, ultimately collapsed, but not before Cuba was relieved of about \$8.7 million—perhaps the worst sting the Cuban dictator has ever suffered.

The Cuban government, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the FBI, and the U.S. Justice Department's Strike Force are all involved in the attempt to untangle the swindle. Authorities have arrested one man, a West German commodities broker named Karl Fessler, charged three more, and are seeking others.

In an attempt to support Castro's faltering economy, the Soviet Union has been buying much of the coffee Cuba grows at a price higher than on the world market. In fact, Cuba has even been accused in some anti-Castro quarters of mixing imported coffee with home-grown and then selling the spurious blend to the Russians. Be that as it may, Cuba does import cheaper coffee for domestic consumption.

Knowing the Cubans' need for coffee, Karl Fessler, a jet-hopping high roller, is said to have made them an attractive offer in late 1977. According to the Cuban government, Fessler told its trade representatives that he would sell them 3,000 metric tons of "Barahona," a choice Arabic blend grown in the Dominican Republic, at a bargain price. Reportedly, Fessler and some cohorts produced all the documents attesting to the availability of the coffee, and the deal was clinched last October on the Caribbean island of St. Martin. The Cubans agreed to a price of \$1.39 a lb. vs. \$1.54 on the world market. In a later meeting, the Cubans asked if they could inspect the coffee. No need for that, Fessler assured them. Everything was fine.

Except that not a single coffee bean existed. Companies were set up in the Caribbean and an aging freighter of Panamanian registry was bought for \$700,000. The culprits proceeded to pay off anybody who might hinder the swindle. The Justice Department estimates that hundreds of thousands of dollars were paid out.

The ship without the coffee was launched near Santo Domingo last November. The plan was to sink it en route to Havana. The gang expected to collect twice: once from the duped Cubans, a second time from the company that insured the ship. When the freighter was at sea,

Fessler and a confederate are said to have marched into the Bank of Nova Scotia in Toronto.



Castro sampling a grapefruit he picked; inset: Fessler
Trouble with a crew that refused to sink its own ship.

To all sorts of papers were shown verifying that the coffee was on its way: a telex from the ship's captain, complete invoices, bills of lading, inspection receipts. Following the instructions of Cuba's brokers, the bank promptly disbursed the \$8.7 million as Fessler directed.

Then came a hitch. Someone had apparently neglected to bribe a port official in Santo Domingo; he retaliated by refusing to let the crew that had been hired to scuttle the ship board the vessel. So the freighter had put to sea with its original crew, who were unaware of the plot. En route, they eventually realized that something was wrong. They sailed into Puerto Limón, Costa Rica, and left the ship. At first, when the coffee failed to arrive on time, Cuba's representatives were not alarmed. They received a telex ex-

plaining that the freighter had been delayed at sea because of mechanical problems. Finally, the brokers involved in the deal decided to check. They flew to Costa Rica and found the freighter empty.

By then the swindlers were long gone. Fessler showed up in Miami, where he went on a spending spree. He bought a \$17,000 Cadillac and \$70,000 in jewelry, made a down payment on a Key Largo condominium, invested \$850,000 in securities, and moved into a Coral Gables hotel suite. Fessler lived so openly, it seems, because he thought he had not committed a crime liable to prosecution in the U.S. He also did not figure that Canadian authorities would press so vigorously for his extradition. FBI agents, who had been tipped off by the outraged Cuban brokers, arrested Fessler in December. On him they found \$40,000 in cash, travelers checks and around-the-world air tickets. Fessler is the only one of the gang who has been arrested. He was charged with fraud. The others remain at large. So does most of the money. Last week FBI agents and Canadian Mounties island-hopped around the Caribbean looking for the funds, which were laundered in a series of bank-account transfers. "They did everything to make it vanish," says Martin Raskin, an attorney for the Justice Department Strike Force.

Even if the money is found, Castro may not get it. In an extraordinary action, Cuba's Banco Nacional filed a suit in Dade County Circuit Court against Fessler for the return of the money. But by doing so Cuba has made itself vulnerable to lawsuits from property owners whose assets were seized when Castro took power. In addition, the U.S. Treasury has tied up the roughly \$1 million recovered on the grounds that the Americans involved in the scheme violated the Trading with the Enemy Act.

If the Cubans do not get their money, they are determined to get Fessler. Currently jailed in Dade County without bail, he intends to fight extradition to Canada. His attorney, Samuel Bare, who calls his client "strictly a broker, a dupe in the whole thing," fears that if Fessler is extradited to Canada, he might somehow wind up in Cuba. In that case, says Bare, "he would be looking at a firing squad." Even so, the Justice Department dropped the fraud charges against Fessler in January, to clear the way for extradition hearings this month. Meanwhile, Castro's agents, who have no great respect for due process, are said to be on the prowl for him and the others. Says a source close to the investigation in Miami: "Everyone in this thing is in jeopardy of his life." That is a high price to pay, even for coffee. ■



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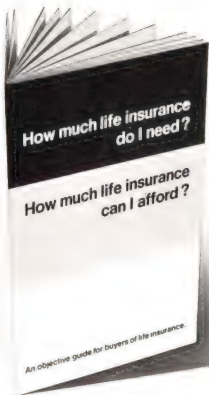
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A Battle over Cancer Care

Should state or parents decide?

On a Pacific beach near Tijuana, Mexico, Chad Green, a frail but lively three-year-old American boy, was happily digging into the sand last week and laughing at squirrels scampering near by, quite unaware that he is the subject of a dramatic medical and legal controversy. Chad is suffering from leukemia, and an argument is raging over who has the right to decide how he should be treated: his parents, Gerald and Diana Green, or state officials in Massachusetts responding to the advice of doctors.

A blond child with a winning smile, Chad began chemotherapy at the University of Nebraska Medical Center in his home town of Omaha when he was 21 months old. Doctors there claimed that he was improving rapidly under their care and that the leukemia was in remission. But when they suggested radiation treatment for further protection, Green, who is a welder, and his wife moved to Massachusetts and placed Chad with Dr. John Truman, a noted specialist in pediatric hematology at Massachusetts General Hospital. Truman continued the chemotherapy.

The Greens, however, had found that the chemotherapy was a painful ordeal for Chad. The injections turned him at times into "a wild animal," his mother declared. Truman then gave her the chemicals in the form of pills, to be taken at home. When leukemia was again found in Chad's blood early in 1978, Mrs. Green reluctantly admitted that she had not been giving Chad his pills. "Chemotherapy doesn't cure," said Diana Green in desperation. Instead, the parents had been giving the boy Laetrile, a drug which is illegal for use in cancer treatment in Massachusetts, and which repeated medical studies have found useless for that purpose.

When the Greens refused to resume chemotherapy, despite warnings from Truman that Chad would die without it, a legal battle began. Chad was declared a ward of the state for medical purposes only. The parents retained custody, but chemotherapy was administered at state expense. Chad's health improved. When the Greens asked the state courts for permission to give their son Laetrile as well, it was denied. Last month the Greens fled to Tijuana with Chad, placing him in a clinic headed by Dr. Ernesto Contreras, who advocates Laetrile for its psychological benefits, rather than as a cure for cancer.

Chad last week was taking Laetrile, together with vitamins and health foods, as well as his chemotherapy pills. Mas-



Chad and his mother in Massachusetts

Seeking free choice in Mexico.

sachusetts doctors warned, however, that Laetrile was incompatible with regular chemotherapy and had, in fact, caused signs of cyanide poisoning in Chad's body. After considering a possible kidnapping charge against the Greens, Massachusetts Attorney General Francis X. Bellotti instead sought a court order demanding

that the Greens return Chad to Massachusetts for treatment. Judge Guy Volterra granted the order. Last week he held the parents in contempt of court for disobeying it, but gave them another week to comply before assessing any penalty.

This legal pressure is not expected to have much impact on the Greens. They were getting financial support from the National Health Federation, a right-wing California organization that also opposes fluoridation of water, and from private citizens who contend that the state has no business telling parents how to care for their children. With these contributions, the Greens hope to get by while they are in Mexico. "There is such a loving atmosphere here at the clinic," says Gerald Green. "The doctor, after giving us the test results, tells us, 'We'll be praying with you.' You just don't find that in the U.S."

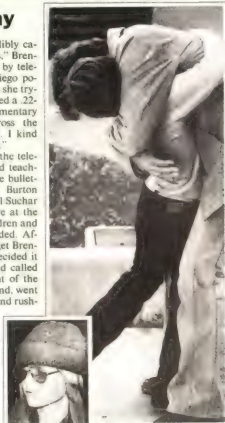
Obviously the motives of both the parents and the state of Massachusetts are the same: they want Chad to survive. But the essential question for Chad Green is what kind of treatment he finally gets—and how long it keeps him alive.

It Was Monday

The explanation was incredibly casual. "I don't like Mondays," Brenda Spencer, 16, told reporters by telephone as she held off San Diego police for six hours. But who was she trying to kill as she repeatedly fired a .22-cal. rifle at Cleveland Elementary School from her home across the street? "No one in particular. I kind of like the red and blue jackets."

While Brenda chatted on the telephone, the terrified pupils and teachers huddled on the floor of the bullet-sprayed school. Principal Burton Wragg and Custodian Michael Suchar were both slain by the gunfire at the school's front yard. Eight children and one police officer were wounded. After hours of futile attempts to get Brenda to surrender, she finally decided it was time to end what she had called "fun." She calmly walked out of the house, put her gun on the ground, went back inside and returned to hand rushing officers some 150 rounds of ammunition.

Next day teachers at the school encouraged their students to talk about the tragedy as a way to relieve their tensions over the traumatic event. "Why did she do it?" asked an eight-year-old boy. Unfortunately, no one in authority could answer that question.



Dad hugs son who eluded bullets from Brenda (inset)

Patty Is Free And Older

Carter commutes her sentence

When all legal efforts failed to overturn the conviction of Patty Hearst for armed robbery, her lawyers and friends mounted a campaign to persuade President Carter to commute her sentence. They argued that Patty had suffered enough and indeed had been treated with special severity by the law because of the wealth and social prominence of her family. Thousands of calls and letters poured into the White House urging her release.

Carter and the Department of Justice agreed with those pleas, and last week after a presidential commutation, Patty Hearst was freed from a California prison, five months before she was eligible for parole. She had served 22 months and 17 days of her seven-year sentence for her part in the Symbionese Liberation Army bank robbery in April 1974.

Noted the Justice Department in its recommendation for clemency: "It is the consensus of all those most familiar with this case that but for the extraordinary criminal and personal offenses that the petitioner suffered at the hands of the S.L.A. she would not have become a participant in the criminal acts... and would have not suffered the punishment and other consequences she has endured." That raised the question of whether she should have been brought to trial in the first place.

But for Patty Hearst, the commutation was the chance to start again. "This is what we all wanted," she said, waving her release papers before being driven to her family's posh home in the San Francisco suburbs for a catered champagne breakfast with her now legally separated parents, her four sisters and a crying and cheering group of friends.

"I've gotten a lot stronger and a lot more self-confident," Patty said as she chatted easily with the hundreds of reporters gathered at the house. "I take a lot of things in stride that make other people fall apart, and I think mostly that I've learned a lot about people. I was 19 years old when I was kidnapped and I'll be 25 in a couple of weeks."

She seemed to have learned even to joke about her ordeal. She opened a bulky ski parka to show a T shirt bearing the words PARDON ME. She pointed to a large round pendant hung around her neck with the inscription SURVIVOR, 2-4-74, the date she was dragged screaming from her apartment by the S.L.A. "Now I'll get the other date on at the bottom," she vowed. "Today's date."

Some time in April, Patty plans to



Patty celebrates her release

"I've gotten a lot stronger."

marry San Francisco Policeman Bernard Shaw, 33, her bodyguard while she was free on bond pending her appeals, but she has not decided whether to take his name. "I don't anticipate anyone calling me Patty Shaw," she said. Asked where she could go to escape being Patty Hearst, she replied with a tough edge to her voice: "I don't see anything wrong with being Patty Hearst."

Rocky Recalled

A eulogy and some questions

"My friend, my older brother, my inspiration and my guide." So former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger described his feelings about Nelson Rockefeller in an eloquent, emotional eulogy at the funeral service in Manhattan's Riverside Church last week. While President Carter, former President Ford, Vice President Mondale, Chief Justice Burger and many other public figures listened from the nave, Kissinger paid tribute to the man who "permeated our lives."

In a voice that often quavered, Kissinger declared: "That Nelson Rockefeller is dead is both shattering and nearly inconceivable. One thought him indestructible... When the phone call came last Friday, it seemed that our relation-

ship had just started. And now it was already ended." Rockefeller, continued Kissinger, was "full of the moment and yet always somehow marked by destiny. He often seemed remote because he was already living in the future, which most of us had not yet understood. His failure to reach the presidency was in my view a tragedy for the country, yet I never heard him express even one word of disappointment."

This heartfelt homage concluded a week in which the circumstances of Rockefeller's collapse had provoked some unusual speculation. In discussing the matter with reporters shortly after Rockefeller's death on the night of Jan. 26, his longtime press secretary Hugh Morrow said that only a security aide was present when Rockefeller was stricken at 10:15 p.m. while working on an art book at his office in Rockefeller Center. The phone call that summoned police, said Morrow, had been placed by an "unidentified woman neighbor." It soon turned out that Morrow had his facts wrong.

Rockefeller did not die in his office but in his mid-Manhattan town house, at 13 West 54th Street. The phone call was made at 11:16, not at 10:15. And the caller was not an unknown woman but a quite familiar one to Rockefeller and his associates: Megan Marshack, 26, a research assistant who had been helping Rocky with various publishing projects and who lived just down the street in an apartment building at 25 West 54th Street. Before joining Rocky's staff in 1976, Marshack had worked for Associated Press Radio in Washington for six months. Her former boss at A.P. Radio, Bill McCloskey, recalled her as an "aggressive news gatherer who came over classy. She was bright and ambitious, but not in the negative sense."

The contradictory statements about when the call was made to police raised the question of whether an hour had elapsed between the time that Rockefeller died and the time of the call. To judge from Marshack's somewhat hysterical conversation, which was taped by the police, Rocky's seizure had just occurred. That also was the verdict of the medical examiner, Morrow, who was not present, issued a series of corrections to his previous accounts, then declined further comment. Marshack went into seclusion.

Another misconception had been caused by Rocky himself. He was not as healthy as people thought. In fact, he was being treated for heart disease brought on by hardening of the arteries, but he had not wanted to tell his family.



Megan Marshack



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Americana

Losing Your Head Shop

Neighborhood paraphernalia dealers blossomed as fast as the drug culture, flowering on corners across the nation with a wide assortment of cigarette rolling papers, small pipes, cocaine spoons, psychedelic lights and other legal apurtenances for high living. But for many officials, the head shops serve as a too-blatant reminder of the losing battle against drugs.

A crusade against the shops, in Westfield, Mass., began when a horrified friend showed some pipes and smoking paraphernalia he had found in his twelve-year-old son's bureau to City Councillor Charles Medeiros. "I had thought those things were illegal," Medeiros said. He proposed an ordinance, which passed unanimously, requiring such stores to get licenses. Mayor Gary Lynch, who reluctantly signed the law, commented, "It strikes me as cutting off the branches instead of the roots."

The head shops are banding together in mutual protection, as would members of any other \$3 billion-a-year business. Says Chris Colbert, director of the

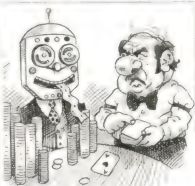


Paraphernalia Trade Association, with headquarters in Philadelphia: "We're not a bunch of stoned-out hippies carving pipes in the basement. We're normal businessmen with shirts and ties." The association hired a lawyer to fight Westfield's action and won a preliminary injunction against enforcing the new ordinance. Whatever the outcome, the battle is educational. Says Medeiros: "I'll tell you, I've learned a lot myself. I never knew they sold orange-flavored cigarette papers."

Catch-21

Kenneth Uston resigned as a \$42,500-a-year senior vice president of the Pacific Stock Exchange four years ago to become a professional blackjack player. He is good. Too good for the casinos to handle. Uston is known as a "counter," because he can keep track of the cards so well that he can determine if those remaining will tip the odds in his favor.

Last week the Resorts International casino in Atlantic City followed the precedent of Las Vegas gaming houses and



decided to deal Uston, and at least ten other known counters, out of the game. The casino had cause for alarm: Uston was winning at the rate of \$700 an hour and had accumulated \$43,000 in chips in about 60 hours of playing when he was informed of the ban. Undaunted, Uston plans to file a complaint with the New Jersey Casino Control Commission. He also may continue to place a few chips on the sly: "Maybe I'll try my Dr. Wasserman disguise," he said, holding up a gray wig. "That's the one where I wear thick glasses and a Brooks Brothers suit with a Shriners pin on it." It fools everybody—until he starts raking in those chips again.

Small Potatoes

For House Speaker Tip O'Neill's ancestors in Ireland, potatoes were a dietary staple, the only means of survival. The potato blight struck, and they migrated to America. So the side dish that O'Neill discovered at the fashionable Prime Rib restaurant in Washington boiled his ancestral blood: fried potato peels at \$2.50 a portion. "Two-fifty!" he exclaimed. "And there's no potato!"

Weighty Issue

Barbara and Gordon Ray, of Madison, Wis., want to adopt a child. They thought this would not be too difficult. Their doctors had told them it was very unlikely they could have a child of their own. When the two 28-year-olds applied to the state Health and Social Services Department, Mrs. Ray, who is 5 ft. 9 in. and weighed 210 lbs., was told she had to lose weight. Her obesity was a health problem, explained the state physician who examined her. Mr. Ray, a shipping and mail clerk at the University of Wisconsin who is 6 ft. 2 in. and weighs 220 lbs., also had to lose weight, the state social worker said.

So Mrs. Ray went on a diet, and lost

20 lbs. in three months. That was still not enough, the department said, and suggested she take off an additional 20 lbs. Infuriated, the Rays made their problem public. State Senator Peter Bear openly criticized the department's ruling, and the state legislature decided to investigate. Finally, Social Services officials relented and suspended the informal guidelines on obesity.

The Rays still have to see if they meet other requirements to be adoptive parents, but they are proud of their victory over bureaucratic rules they consider unfeeling and discriminatory. "I'm happy we could do some good for other so-called fat people," says Gordon, who never lost a pound.

Live Free or Don't

License-plate slogans tend to be innocuous boasts of a state's famous product: corn, copper, sunshine, lakes, Lincoln, enchantment. From 1969 on, New Hampshire car owners had a more forceful phrase, LIVE FREE OR DIE, and it drove some of them to distraction. Motorist George Maynard, feeling the slogan confined him to the right lane, went all the way to the Supreme Court in 1977 with his refusal to pay a \$75 fine for blotting out the offending words on his plates. The court ruled in his favor.

Then Governor Meldrim Thomson responded to the Supreme Court ruling by ordering the LIVE FREE OR DIE battle cry imprinted on all official stationery and on all highways leading into the state. But Thomson was beaten in the November election, and the state's newly installed Governor, Hugh Gallen, has decided to give the patriotic slogan a rest, initially by removing it from his own letterheads. And what is the proposed new slogan for license plates? SCUNIC NEW HAMPSHIRE. On second thought.



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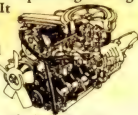


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*EPA estimates. Use this number for comparisons. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length, and weather. California estimates lower for Champ Custom and Colt Custom Hatchback, Colt two- and four-doors, D-50 and Arrow Sport pickups.

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World

COVER STORY

The Khomeini Era Begins

There is hope for peaceful change as the Ayatullah returns from exile

The chartered Air France 747 circled over the city and past the nearby Elburz Mountains three times before settling down gently on the tarmac of Tehran's Mehrabad Airport. As aides and reporters milled about, the frail old man, wearing a black turban and ankle-length robes, stepped out of the aircraft's door into the chill February morning. His back hunched, he clutched the arm of an Air France pursuer as he walked down the portable ramp to touch Iranian soil. After 15 years in exile, Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, 78, spiritual leader of a revolution that has been building to a frightening climax, had come home at last. The moment was, conceivably, the start of a new era for a country that has seemed dangerously out of control.

After all the demonstrations of anger and mourning that have punctuated the year-long crisis, Iran went wild with joy. From all across the country, millions of people thronged into the capital, they lined the 20-mile route out to Beheshti-Zahra Cemetery, where many of the martyrs of the revolution are buried, to catch a glimpse of the Ayatullah. "The holy one has come!" they shouted triumphantly. "He is the light of our lives!" So heavy was the crush of people that Khomeini had to be lifted from his motorcade and flown the last mile to the cemetery by helicopter. There, on Feb. 17, he prayed and delivered a 30-minute funeral oration for the dead. "Is it human rights?" he asked in a bitter if oblique reference to President Carter, "when we say we want to name a government and we get a cemetery full of people?" Then a boys' chorus sang: "May every drop of their blood turn to tulips and grow forever. Arise! Arise! Arise!"

From his bungalow at Neuilly-le-Château outside Paris, the Ayatullah had been sending home a steady stream of *Elumehs*, messages summoning the faithful to bring down the monarchy in favor of what he has somewhat vaguely termed an Islamic republic. Much of the population heeded Khomeini. It was popular uprisings in his name that forced the hated Shah to take a vacation that might well extend to exile, and left the government in the uncertain hands of Prime Minister Shahpour Bakhtiar. Iran-willed,



Above: mob surrounding General Latifi. **Left:** victims of Esfand Square attack



giving little hint of compromise, Khomeini has rejected the Bakhtiar government and damned it as illegal because it was appointed by the Shah.

But now on the scene, Khomeini faces far tougher tasks than rousing the people to fury against an unpopular autocrat. The Ayatullah has announced that he will set up a new revolutionary council for Iran. In so doing he risks a coup by an army whose generals, if not its soldiers, remain loyal to the Shah. He must pick up the numerous strands of opposition, united only in reverence for him and hatred of the monarch, and hold them together long enough to form a functioning government. It is a lot to expect from a spiritual leader wise in Koranic lore but woefully unskilled in *Realpolitik*. Perhaps aware of the huge risks involved, Khomeini after his return acted with uncharacteristic caution. Bakhtiar, for his part, kept the door open for negotiations with the Ayatullah, thereby raising hopes that a peaceful transition of power in Iran might still be possible.

The on-again, off-again preparations for Khomeini's return began to take definitive shape early last week. Prime Minister Bakhtiar reopened Iran's airports, which had been closed solely to prevent the Ayatullah from coming back. Kho-

Left clockwise: Tehran crowd demanding Khomeini's return; the Ayatullah descending ramp onto Iranian soil at Tehran airport; display of welcoming portraits

World

meini's representatives in Paris hurriedly chartered a jumbo jet from Air France, settled insurance terms and agreed that the plane would fly only half full. Thus if it were not allowed to land in Tehran, there would still be enough fuel aboard for a return flight to Paris. Because of fears of sabotage, no Iranian women or children were allowed on the flight (though several female journalists were along); Khomeini's wife, daughter, daughter-in-law and grandchildren would fly to Iran later by commercial airliner.

During evening prayers on the day of the flight, Khomeini sought to comfort followers who were unable to accompany him because of the shortage of seats. "The important thing is not that you be at my side on the plane but that you continue the struggle with me," he told them. Before departing, he thanked the French

government for its hospitality and the French people "who have followed with interest the struggle for freedom of conscience and the way of democracy desired by all clear-minded Iranians." Annoyed by the Ayatullah's rejection of their pleas that he not use French soil to foment revolution in Iran, officials in Paris were quite happy to see him go. Would Khomeini be welcomed back if he had to go into exile again? Said one ranking diplomat dryly: "We certainly wouldn't object if he were to distribute the benefit of his spiritual presence a bit more equitably."

Among the 150 members of the international press aboard Khomeini's flight was *TIME* Correspondent Bruce van Voorst. "Shortly after takeoff, the Ayatullah climbed the spiral staircase to the jumbo jet's lounge section,

removed his turban and sandals, curled up on several Air France blankets and slept for 2½ hours," reported van Voorst. "His personal security guard, suffering from a toothache and numb from aspirins, sat at the bottom of the steps. At sunrise, somewhere over Turkey, the Ayatullah said prayers, then was served an omelet for breakfast. When the captain announced that the plane had flown into Iranian airspace and would land in Tehran in half an hour, the Ayatullah craned his neck to look down on the magnificent spectacle of the snow-covered Zagros Mountains. 'The Ayatullah,' murmured one of his senior aides, 'is back in his country.'"

Inside the terminal, the Ayatullah was instantly surrounded by 1,000 or so members of a welcoming committee shouting, "Allahu akbar!" (God is great). Praising all those who had suffered for the revolu-

"They Are Trying to Kill"

*As Ayatullah Khomeini prepared to fly home, the army and the people of Iran appeared to be on a collision course. For the third time in four days, crowds of Khomeini's supporters taunted the soldiers. The troops answered words with bullets, opening fire in emotional outbursts, then sniping with a cold-blooded capriciousness. *TIME* Correspondent William McWhirter, who witnessed a bloody confrontation at 24 Esfand Square in central Tehran, reports on the grim consequences:*

After four hours of shooting, the city had turned into a festival of pain. Street marshals of the revolutionary movement stopped cars to beg for blood donations. Emergency vehicles careered through the streets with horns blaring. Every

pharmacy in town was searched for cotton wool and bandages. People by the thousands answered the call for supplies and rushed to the hospital with clean sheets, blankets and blood. Requests for antiseptics seemed to reach Tehran faster than one of Prime Minister Bakhtiar's broadcasts.

Within Pahlavi Hospital, where most of the casualties were being taken, volunteer doctors, nurses and orderlies had all turned up for special duty as ambulance after ambulance pulled into the driveway of the emergency entrance. Stretchers were set up in rows outside, as if at an emergency medical center in a battle zone, while volunteers with megaphones shouted instructions to the drivers. The casualties were a microcosm of the revolutionary movement itself: a fashionably dressed woman in her 20s with knee-high beige plastic boots; a seven-year-old boy dressed inexplicably in a blue track suit; a frail old man with a grizzled beard; countless young men and women in the cotton shirts and faded blue jeans that are the unisex uniform of the city streets.

Almost all of their wounds were in the stomach, chest, neck or head. One doctor, his white apron covered with blood, looked shocked as he probed them. "They are trying to kill these people," he said. Fifteen of those who had been wheeled into Pahlavi would die after surgery. One was a man in his 50s, another a 16-year-old boy. There was a young, muscular soldier whose uniform, even in death, was still smartly pressed. Outraged by the massacre, he had wounded his commanding officer and had in turn been fatally shot by his own comrades.

Dr. Ali Muhammad, 50, a surgeon, spent part of his time operating, part on the telephone attempting to reach his good friend Shahpour Bakhtiar in an effort to halt the shooting. Muhammad was furious at the extent and kinds of injuries he had been treating. "If they do not stop this," he predicted, "everyone will be Communist. We have been fighting the Communists for 20 years. Now all of us in my profession are nationalist, independent and pro-Khomeini. They must deal with us."

Muhammad finally got through to one of Bakhtiar's aides. Casualties were still rolling through the emergency-room door as he banged down the telephone. "They said only that these people were trying to take army headquarters. With what? Their bare hands?" He sighed as he selected a scalpel and went back to work. "They are pushing the people to take arms. Next I shall be operating on soldiers killed or wounded by the friends of the people who died under my care today."



Surgeon working on casualty at a Tehran hospital

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tion, from the clergy to bazaar merchants to workers and students, Khomeini lashed out immediately at the Shah and his supporters, who "destroyed our culture and turned it into a colonial culture." Then came an ominous touch: "We are only victorious when we can cut the hands of the foreigners from our lands. The agents of the foreigners who are trying to cheat our interests must know that they are now part of history. All their struggles will be in vain. I pray to God for your glory and good health, and I pray to God to help us cut off the hands of the foreigners." With that the crowded terminal rang with shouts: "Allahu akbar! Allahu akbar!"

In the days before and after the Ayatullah's return, Prime Minister Bakhtiar was almost compulsively busy: delivering lengthy radio and television speeches, introducing sweeping reform measures in parliament. To some extent, that burst of activity was a charade; almost daily, members of the Majlis (lower house) resigned in deference to the Ayatullah's commands. Said one European diplomat in Tehran: "Bakhtiar's performance is a pure piece of acting, but there's nothing behind it. I can't think of anything he's in charge of."

Bakhtiar lost both face and prestige the weekend before, when he grandly announced that he would have a summit meeting with Khomeini in Paris, only to have the Ayatullah repudiate the conference. Said Khomeini: "I will not receive that illegal man." Actually, the Prime Minister was privately trying to negotiate an arrangement whereby he might resign in favor of a Khomeini-sanctioned transitional government that would preside over elections, a constituent assembly and a referendum on a new constitution. Bakhtiar said he had been negotiating with Khomeini's local representatives, but those plans may have already been jeopardized by the arrests of five leading journalists and the beginning of the army's bloody crackdown.

Even more damaging to Bakhtiar's credibility was his open support of the military, which has tried to intimidate Khomeini's supporters by firing randomly at throngs of unarmed civilian demonstrators. On the "Bloody Sunday" of Jan. 28, the army fired directly into demonstrators gathered around 24 Isfand Square, near the university, and sniped at them from nearby rooftops for nearly four hours. By the end of the afternoon, there were 30 known dead and hundreds wounded; hospitals were jammed with the dying (see box). Bakhtiar defended the slaughter, which followed a similar assault two days earlier, as a retaliation by the army for an attack on police headquarters by civilians armed with machine guns. But in fact no eyewitness had seen the police building being assaulted.

Iran's military was itself riddled with dissension. Some Shah loyalists among the top commanders undoubtedly favored a

The Ayatullah's Hit Parade

Cassette tape recordings made by Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, which for years circulated clandestinely inside Iran, have become as vital as a daily newspaper for people who want to hear the very words of his policy statements. In Tehran as well as in villages throughout the country, the cassettes can be bought at small bazaar shops and from vendors on the streets yelling "Khomeini tapes here!" The Ayatullah's recordings have become one of the few get-rich-quick ventures in Iran's shuttered economy. The tapes were mostly manufactured on recording machines in France and surreptitiously shipped to Iran. Costing only about 20¢ each to make, they are sold on the streets for about \$1.25. A distributor with the latest tape can make a neat profit of \$50 a day. Excerpts from the Ayatullah's hit recordings:

If the religious leaders had been in power, they would not have allowed the Iranian nation to become the captive of the Americans and the British. They would not have allowed the Iranian economy to be degraded and foreign goods to be imported without customs duties ... They would not have allowed the parliament to be degraded to its present state ... They would not have allowed boys and girls to embarrass one another and call it dancing ... They would not have allowed males and females to go to school together ... They would not have allowed innocent girls to be placed under the hands of men teachers in schools ... They would have punched the government in the mouth ... They would have prevented the American experts from taking advantage of us.



Copying Khomeini's tapes at headquarters in France

I am sorry to see that after striving for so many years differences have appeared among you. In all these years, I have managed to bring the mullahs and the bazaar shopkeepers closer to the university community. They must have unity in their ideals for them to succeed. Otherwise the foreigners will take advantage of them. When the foreigners see that in Iran people are becoming united, the interest of the Soviet Union and America will not be able to survive. If you believe in the campaign, you must be united. Otherwise you will be separated from your goal and that will benefit Carter. All of you must go under the flag of Islam, for without it we are nothing.

The people of Iran have reached a state where they have attracted the attention of the world. We have gained prestige in the world, from America to the Arabic countries. This is a miracle. I think it is a spiritual one. The hands of God are with you. If it wasn't the hand of God, the nation, from children to the elderly, would not have joined our campaign. Victory is near. Don't be afraid. The Prophet Muhammad spent most of his life struggling. Learn from the Prophet and be patient. He fought all his life to overcome oppression. And we have been doing it only a short time. But what are we afraid of? If we are killed we will go to heaven. And if we kill we will go to heaven. This is the logic of Islam because we are in the right.

Whom should I thank for all these problems plaguing us? ... I don't know whom to thank and whom to give my condolences, but I think I should be proud of the nation and its fight against oppressors.

World

coup as the only way to keep Khomeini out of power, U.S. Air Force General Robert Huyser, the deputy commander of American forces in Europe, had been sent to Tehran a month ago to act as liaison officer with the Iranian military. He has forcefully argued that an army takeover would lead only to anarchy, but U.S. diplomats are uncertain as to whether the military is really listening. One deterrent to a coup is widespread evidence that many soldiers would not follow their officers in an uprising against the revolution. Low-paid conscripts, who make up about 40% of the 340,000-man Iranian military, have stopped reporting for duty in many areas.

The most frequent incidence of mutiny involves the air force, previously regarded as the favored elite service of the Shah. Military sources have denied rumors that 165 warrant officers were executed for taking part in anti-Shah demonstrations. They do admit that some soldiers have been arrested for treason and that a state of emergency has been declared for the armed services. During a show of force by the military the day before the Ayatullah's arrival, several truckloads of troops, some carrying Khomeini posters, waved sympathetically at the crowd. They burst into tears when other troops opened fire on the crowd, yelling at bystanders to get down or "the soldiers in back will shoot you." On Bloody Sunday, an ABC cameraman recorded an incident in which a soldier shot and wounded a colleague who was clubbing a youthful demonstrator with a rifle.

Many Iranians believed that the anti-Khomeini actions of the military were being directly inspired by the Shah, who last week remained in seclusion in Morocco with his family. There were rumors that he was planning a triumphant return to the throne, as he did after a CIA-

inspired coup against the government of Premier Mohammed Mossadegh in 1953. Fears about the Shah's return were fueled by a curious tape recording, allegedly made by a participant at a secret meeting of the Shah and his top generals before he left the country. The 20-minute cassette, popularly dubbed "the braying of the Shah," was widely circulated in Iran, even though its authenticity was doubtful. Three independent American voice experts hired by CBS insisted that the voice on the recording was indeed the Shah's. A spokesman for the monarch, however, dismissed the tape as "typical Communist agitprop," and officials in Washington were convinced that the recording was a "cut and splice job."

The voice on the tape calls on the army commanders to foment civil war "so that we may hopefully begin again to recoup our power, being sure this time not to repeat our past mistakes." The speaker gives the generals "complete freedom to fire on the people and kill them" if necessary, to create hatred and dissension between the army and the people. The voice goes on to blame the inefficiency of SAVAK, Iran's feared secret police, for many of the current problems and vows that next time "we will set up a security apparatus more extensive than SAVAK."

Meanwhile, other even more mysterious forces inside Iran were stirring up trouble. Several news agencies received warnings from a group calling itself the "Commando Organization of the Warriors of the Constitution." They threatened "guerrilla warfare" and "unprecedented slaughter" if the 1906 royalist constitution were overturned. These self-styled warriors also threatened to assassinate anyone who joined the Ayatullah's revolutionary council. Khomeini loyalists charged that provocateurs—suspected of being either agents of SAVAK or underground Communists, who have the most



Prime Minister Shapour Bakhtiari

to gain from chaos—were inciting violence. Gangs of street toughs burned down a beer factory, a nightclub, and numerous slum dwellings in the city's red-light district. The apparent motive was to make the revolutionary movement seem fanatical and violent.

Despite unconfirmed reports that Iran was being flooded with weapons, including some purportedly provided by the Palestine Liberation Organization, pro-Khomeini demonstrations have been remarkably peaceful and well disciplined. Only on occasion have crowds gotten out of control of the street marshals provided by Khomeini's amoeba-like organization. In one particularly grim example last week, a mob at the University of Tehran grabbed General Taghi Latifi, a police officer, from his car, screaming, "Kill him!" He was beaten senseless before being rescued by a group of clergymen.

Such incidents have alarmed Iran's minorities, especially its 80,000-member Jewish community—one of the oldest in the Middle East—and 250,000 Christian Armenians. Although there have been no overt signs of anti-Semitism, the Ayatullah's known antipathy to Zionism and Israel raises fears among Jewish families that there could be a repetition of the purges that took place in Egypt and Iraq after 1948. Khomeini has repeatedly assured Iran's minorities that their rights will be protected. Last month he sent a large floral wreath to the new "Hagah Hom," the leader of the Jewish community, with a note of assurance: "We are brothers living next to each other. It is only the government which tries to confuse everything." Nonetheless, an estimated 5,000 Jews have left the country, most for the U.S. and Europe.

They were not alone. Alarmed by what the State Department called the "uncertain security situation," and fearing



Iranian troops put on show of force in Tehran the day before the Ayatullah's arrival
Some waved and yelled warnings at bystanders, while others fired into the crowd.



Shi'ite Spokesman Ayatullah Taleghani
Condemning the burnings by gangs.

a tide of anti-American sentiment. Ambassador William Sullivan asked Americans whose presence was not essential to leave. Despite many Iranians' personal reassurances to foreigners of their friendship, there were two ugly incidents. Major Larry Davis was hit by two bullets as he returned home, and was rushed to the U.S. Army hospital. U.S. Consul David McGaffey was punched and beaten by an irate group of Iranians when he tried to intervene in an incident between an American and a taxi driver. By week's end, all but 5,000 of the 45,000 Americans who had lived in Iran up until September were gone. U.S. officials say that the American business community is cutting back to the bare minimum that can sustain their corporate operations.

Administration officials were also concerned about the protection of sophisticated weaponry. At the Isfahan airbase, some of the 78 advanced F-14 fighter planes equipped to fire Phoenix missiles are housed within concentric rings of security; last week Iranian forces guarding the base suddenly excluded a number of American advisers. U.S. military officials have contingency plans to destroy or spirit out of the country some of the most sensitive equipment if necessary. The most important items are the fighters and 500 Phoenix missiles stored in igloos near by. If there was a clear danger that these missiles might fall into Soviet hands, Pentagon sources suggest, loyal Iranian pilots would fly the planes to safety, possibly Saudi Arabia. U.S. officials fear that any such plans, if carried out without consulting the Iranian government, would be



Khomeini Adviser Mehdi Bazargan

construed, however, as an unwarranted interference in Iran's domestic affairs. Many Iranians were furious that the U.S. was sending emergency supplies of diesel oil to the country's military. The loan suggested to them that Washington was implicitly supporting the army's brutality against civilians.

Those who know the Ayatullah expect that eventually he will settle in the Shi'ite holy city of Qum and resume a life of teaching and prayer. It seems improbable that he would try to become a kind of Archbishop Makarios of Iran, directly holding the reins of power. Khomeini believes that Iran should become a parliamentary democracy, with several political parties. But he is unlikely to withdraw to shadows and silence until Iran adopts a new constitution and

the threat of civil war is removed.

To avoid more bloodshed, the Ayatullah may have to make some concessions. Says Massoud Behnoud, a Tehran lawyer: "If Khomeini reaches some kind of compromise with the Bakhtiar government, he can bring the country peacefully to a referendum on a new constitution. He doesn't even have to fear chaos too greatly. He already has 90% of the people with him. If he now begins to share his absolute power and allow other groups to speak out more, we will be on our way to liberty. Khomeini's real power will be that of the religious leader of Iran."

Khomeini's success with the army depends largely on how he handles the sensitive issue of the constitution, which has become a rallying point for pro-monarchy commanders. Several of Khomeini's associates, including Karim Sanjabi, leader of the National Front, the main political opposition, believe that the Ayatullah might agree to use the present constitution as a device for the transition of power. "The army will go along with any government that is representative," says Sanjabi. "If Bakhtiar resigns, it is not difficult to find a solution based on a temporary government accepted by the people." At week's end, the Khomeini strategy seemed to be one of waiting for members of parliament and the regency council to resign. So far 72 out of 200 deputies in the legislature have resigned; if half do so, a Khomeini aide said, Bakhtiar's government has no legal basis.

If a compromise is reached, the U.S. will have played a minimal role in it. The reason: anything that carries Washington's approval is now anathema in Iran. Some Administration advisers admit that open endorsement of Bakhtiar was a serious mistake, and that U.S. policy toward Iran should have remained noncommittal once the Shah's ruling days were clearly over. Particularly unfortunate was a state-



Members of imperial guard go through military exercises at Javidan base near royal palace
Some top commanders favored a coup, but many soldiers would not follow.

World

ment by President Carter in January rebuking Khomeini and urging him to support the Bakhtiari government. State Department experts at that time were pretty well convinced that the Prime Minister had only the remotest chances of surviving.

Belatedly changing a long-held policy of the U.S. embassy in Iran, Ambassador Sullivan has encouraged his subordinates to open a dialogue with the Khomeini forces. U.S. diplomats have initiated contacts with a number of the Ayatullah's key aides, both in France and Iran. By and large, they have been well received by Khomeini's representatives, who have stressed that it was not too late to repair relations between the Shi'ite leader and the U.S. Mehdi Bazargan, a Khomeini adviser in Tehran with broad political experience who is often mentioned as a potential government leader, emphasized to U.S. officials recently that a beneficial working relationship is "most definitely possible" with Washington. The crucial factor, he insists, is that any future trade relationship be based on an equitable exchange of goods and not distorted by extravagant sales of sophisticated weapons. At the same time, Khomeini's top economic adviser, Hassan Abdul Banisard, has implied that oil production will probably have to be cut in

half to regulate the flow of capital into Iran.

Another valuable ally, in the U.S. view, would be Seyyed Mohammed Beheshti, a well-educated and widely traveled Ayatullah who has been Khomeini's chief behind-the-scenes contact in Tehran. But observers say it may take a while to see who the key figures around Khomeini prove to be: the Paris advisers may well give way to those who have supported him in Tehran.

Washington's greatest fear now is a military coup, which would inevitably spark a civil war and adversely affect any U.S. presence for many years to come. Says a State Department official recently returned from Tehran: "There is no question that a military takeover would be most dangerous for U.S. interests. It would blow away the moderates and invite the majority to unite behind a radical faction."

Even if Iran gets a new government that has both popular support and Khomeini's blessing, the troubles plaguing the country will not vanish overnight. As one U.S. specialist noted: "The Shah left, but he didn't take the problems of the country with him." The best estimates are that it will take two months to get the oilfields back to export production lev-

el even if work starts at once. Meanwhile, the country has a paralyzed economy and shattered loan credibility. Except for two to three dozen firms, all of the country's 600 major industries have been shut down by strikes since early December. And, although they may not be missed, most of the once fabled Iranian rich have left the country. Significantly, this includes 120 of the country's 200 leading business and industrial figures. Estimates of the drain of capital that has left the country range into the billions of dollars.

Yet, for all the problems ahead, there was a sense of controlled optimism in Iran last weekend. Now that the country's cry for the Ayatullah's return has been answered, Iranians will surely insist that the revolution live up to its democratic aims. "Democracy is a very difficult thing for a country that does not have a democratic tradition," Daryush Shayeagan, a noted Islamic philosopher in Tehran, told TIME Correspondent David Jackson last week. "But Iranians are ready to learn it. Khomeini is an Islamic Gandhi. He is at the axis of our movement, and his greatest achievement will have been to have overthrown the regime. But there must be a democratic republic. In the Iranian character, miracles always happen at the last moment. I hope one will happen again."

Washington's Caviar Coup

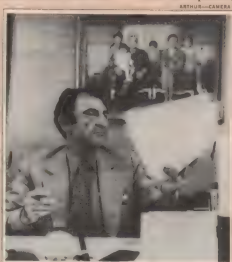
Iran's opulent embassy on Massachusetts Avenue in Washington has long been famous, perhaps even notorious, as a dazzling showcase for the Shah's vision of the good life. There the beautiful people would gather to devour gossip and caviar, sip Dom Pérignon and dance until dawn under the indulgent stewardship of the Shah's trusted adviser and former son-in-law, Ambassador Ardeshir Zahedi. Last week this stately pleasure dome had turned into a microcosm of the political chaos back home.

Shortly after Zahedi left Washington to escort the Shah's children to their parents' refuge in Morocco, the acting deputy of the mission, Assad Homayoun, received instructions from his Foreign Ministry in Tehran: remove all portraits of the Shah from the premises. Homayoun duly complied. Learning of this, six irate military attachés at the mission, led by Major General Mokhtab Rafii, called Zahedi in Morocco and told him what had happened. Equally irate, Zahedi ordered them to put the pictures back in place. Armed with revolvers, the attachés marched into the embassy last Tuesday night, remounted the Shah's portraits, and settled down for a siege.

When Homayoun and other diplomats showed up for work next

morning, General Rafii and his mini-army brandished their weapons and declared they were under orders from Zahedi to maintain control of the embassy until his return. After vainly arguing with the attachés that he held the reins of authority in Zahedi's absence, Homayoun hurried over to the State Department. The department's Iran desk officer, Henry R. Precht, was sympathetic but unable to help. Reason: Washington was baffled by the imbroglio and did not want to meddle in a family quarrel.

Ever the diplomat, Homayoun met again with the occupying attachés in an attempt to break the impasse, but negotiations ended in stalemate. Meanwhile



Zahedi in front of ill-fated royal family portrait

twelve other members of the embassy staff, who had walked off the job in a mutiny against Zahedi and the Shah two weeks ago, announced their support of the acting deputy and his demand that the military officers give up the embassy.

When the guards stubbornly refused to abandon their occupation, Homayoun revoked the diplomatic status of Major General Rafii and Zahedi's spokesman Ali Tabatabai, who was accused of lying to cover up the mini-coup. But at week's end, Zahedi returned from Morocco and stepped back into the fray. He asked Homayoun to reverse his decision; when he declined, Homayoun was summarily fired along with four other diplomats who supported him.

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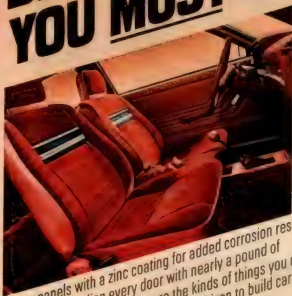
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World

MIDDLE EAST

Iraq and Syria: A New Axis for Unity

Their merger moves ahead "like a rocket to the moon"

"Unity between Syria and Iraq will become the axis for a strong, unified Arab policy," declares Syria's Information Minister Ahmed Iskander, 35. "We have gone far beyond a first step." The Iraqis clearly agree. "By the will of God," says Iraq's Vice Chairman Saddam Hussein Takriti, "the unity between our two countries will be made permanent." The negotiations are proceeding, adds an excited Foreign Ministry official in Baghdad, "like a rocket to the moon."

Syria and Iraq have been enemies for years, ruled by feuding wings of the Baathist Party. So they surprised just about everybody in the Middle East when they announced that they were seriously thinking of merging into one unified state. Under the plan, Syria and Iraq would share their oil and water, and would unite their military establishments into a force of 440,000 troops, 4,500 tanks and more than 730 combat aircraft. The Defense, Foreign and Information ministries of the two governments would also be united, and the presidency would rotate every six months between Damascus and Baghdad.

There is a certain political logic to the merger. The militant Arab states, and even many of the more moderate ones, were badly shaken by Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's peace initiative. With Egypt neutralized, they would have a hard time presenting a credible threat to Israel. But a united Syria and Iraq, acting with the cooperation of Jordan and Saudi Arabia, would constitute what one Jerusalem official calls "a serious military defense problem along our northern borders." Moreover, the governments of Syria and Iraq are worried about the current upsurge in Iran and the rising militancy of Iran's Shi'ite Muslim majority. Iraq is particularly worried because it too has a large Shi'ite population.

Some Middle East experts wonder whether the merger will last any longer than the ill-fated 1958-61 union of Syria and Egypt. Nonetheless, there are already signs of a basic change in relations between the two countries. Troops have been reduced along the common border. After years of vilifying each other's countries, radio stations in Damascus and Baghdad are broadcasting messages of homage and brotherhood. Soon pipelines will again carry Iraqi oil across Syria to the Mediterranean.

The merger plan represents more of a turnaround for Iraq, a country that for 20 years has been a kind of odd-man-out in the Arab world. Since 1974, Iraqi President Ahmed Hassan Bakr, 64, has been quietly moderating his government's foreign policy even as he modernized his



country's landscape. Last week TIME's Cairo bureau chief, Dean Brels, visited Iraq, a California-size country of 12 million people, with 34,500 bbl in proven oil reserves. His report

Today's Baghdad positively throbs with progress. The streets are clean, the traffic surprisingly orderly, the shops filled with consumer goods from Western Europe and the U.S. The city, built along the banks of the sluggish Tigris River, was one of the principal locales of *The Thousand and One Nights*. Today, with 20-story buildings rising above its graceful mosques, it looks every bit the citadel of Baath power that may soon stretch from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean.

Last year, Iraq's oil earned the country \$9.6 billion, and hardly a week passes without bringing rumors of new discoveries. The force of the latest strike, it is said in the bars and bazaars, was so great that a 30-ton bulldozer was hurled 50 feet into the air. This year the Iraqis are im-

porting \$1 billion worth of Western goods. In less than a decade, the country's per capita income has jumped from \$200 to \$1,500. Yet the Iraqis have managed to hold their inflation rate to 8%. They have also held foreign influence over their oil industry to a minimum. Says an Iraqi Petroleum Company official: "We are the only Arab country that can make this claim: we run our oilfields without the help of a single foreigner."

Iraqis remain distrustful of the U.S., largely because of its support for Israel. They also complain that Washington, until 1975, gave covert support to a now quiescent Kurdish rebellion in northern Iraq. Though the Iraqis have been politically close to the Soviet Union for the past decade, there are signs today that they are moving toward a more independent course. One Iraqi official recalls that in 1972 Baghdad sold the Soviets some oil at bargain prices and agreed to be paid in rubles. The Iraqis later discovered that the Russians had turned around and sold the same oil in Western Europe at top prices and for hard currency. "We learned a lesson," says the official. "We don't get burned twice."

Iraq is a tough socialist police state. Political troublemakers disappear routinely. Nobody knows how many political prisoners are behind bars, but last summer the Bakr regime celebrated its tenth anniversary by releasing 7,000 of them. The Baath Party's strongest opponents are the Communists, of whom at least 3,000 have been killed since 1963.

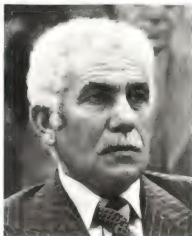
Despite its harshness in suppressing dissent, the Bakr government appears to be popular with most Iraqis. Education and medical care are free to all, and most of the population has shared in the present prosperity. Of all the recent social changes, none is more remarkable than the liberation of Iraqi women. Today they constitute one-third of the country's professional class and 26% of its industrial work force. Unlike their sisters in many other Arab states, they can own land, inherit property and, if divorced, receive alimony.

If the merger with Syria is consummated, Iraq's movement toward moderation is likely to accelerate. Until now, Iraq has been one of the most adamant opponents of negotiations between the Arabs and the Israelis. But when Bakr and Syrian President Hafez Assad met in Baghdad last October, they agreed to base their foreign policy toward Israel on two demands: a return of all Arab lands occupied by the Israelis since the 1967 war, and the creation of a Palestinian state. Though neither Bakr nor Assad believes that the Israelis are prepared to make such concessions, it is significant that the Iraqis now seem prepared to accept Israel's existence, at least in principle.



Presidents Bakr of Iraq (left) and Assad of Syria
Two decades of rivalry may soon come to an end

World



Compromise Candidate Benjedid Chadli

ALGERIA

New Leader

A decline of one-man rule

If ever a man embodied Louis XIV's legendary boast, "*L'état, c'est moi*," it was the late Algerian leader Houari Boumedienne. When he died last December, Boumedienne was not only Algeria's President but also its Minister of Defense, president of the Council of the Revolution and chief of the National Liberation Front (F.L.N.), the country's only political party. Finding a President to succeed such a pervasive figure presented a delicate problem for the eight-man council, many of whose members aspired to the post. In the end, the council settled on a compromise candidate: Colonel Benjedid Chadli, 49, a little-known officer who seems likely to keep Algeria on the track selected by the departed Boumedienne.

Chadli's name will be presented as the sole candidate in a *pro forma* election on Feb. 7. His nomination settles, for the moment at least, a division within the Revolutionary Council. As Boumedienne lay dying, Colonel Mohammed Salah Yahiaoui began lining up support by asserting that he would be a rigid guardian of Boumedienne's highly centralized, Islamic, socialist policies. Another faction coalesced behind Foreign Minister Abdelaziz Bouteflika, a cosmopolitan diplomat who is said to favor strengthening the economy and improving ties with the West.

But when the 3,290 delegates to the F.L.N.'s fourth congress convened in Algiers last week to ratify the council's choice, neither Yahiaoui nor Bouteflika had gained a majority in the Council of the Revolution. The reason: neither man had won the support of the army, which had virtual veto power over the choice. The impasse forced the congress to add another day to its scheduled four, but in

the end, Chadli, the military's candidate, prevailed.

Like many names used by veterans of the anticolonial war against France, Chadli's name is a *nom de guerre*. Algeria's television-wise reporters have another name for him, "Jeff Chandler," after the white-haired and rugged-looking Hollywood actor of the 1950s. Born in a farm village near Annaba on the Mediterranean, he served as a junior officer in the French army until 1954. He then joined the clandestine National Liberation Army, eventually rising to the command of its 13th battalion, based near F.L.N. sanctuaries in Tunisia. After independence, he was picked by Boumedienne to head the important second military district, based in Oran. A devout Muslim whose wife never appears in public without a veil, Chadli has avoided the political limelight. In his ten-minute acceptance speech last week, he vowed that he would be a faithful guardian of the Boumedienne legacy. He declared, "I affirm that socialism is an irreversible option for our country. I pledge myself to fight for the maintenance of our national independence both politically and economically and to maintain the mastery of our national wealth."

Chadli's pledge will mean a continued strain in Algeria's relations with its perennial rival, Morocco. Since Spain ceded control of its former colony of Spanish Sahara to Morocco and Mauritania in 1975, Algeria has been providing arms to the Polisario liberation movement, which seeks to create a new "Saharan Arab Democratic Republic" in the desert area along the Atlantic seaboard. The guerrillas have recently abandoned a unilateral cease-fire they declared last June to launch a "Houari Boumedienne offensive," which they claim has scored several victories.

Domestically, Chadli's biggest problem will be reviving the economy. To cushion the impact of declining oil revenues as Algeria's petroleum reserves are depleted, Boumedienne undertook ambitious industrialization plans. But some sectors of the economy, including housing and agriculture, were sadly neglected and went into decline. Foreign experts believe that the solution lies in an injection of free enterprise and a loosening of bureaucratic controls. But whether Chadli will feel confident enough to take such steps remains to be seen.

Whatever policies emerge under Chadli, the new President is not likely ever to be as powerful as his predecessor. Before selecting Chadli last week, the F.L.N. congress adopted structural reforms that will replace Boumedienne's tightly controlled Council of the Revolution with a more broadly based central committee and a 17-member politburo responsible for policy decisions. At least for the present, the days of one-man rule in Algeria seem to be over. ■

ITALY

The 40th Fall

Setting the scene for violence

Italy's 40th government since the fall of Fascism in 1943 collapsed with a familiar crash last week, creating a crisis that presaged general elections and, quite possibly, renewed political terrorism. Charging that the Christian Democrats had reneged on an agreement to consult them on important government decisions, the Communists withdrew from an alliance of major parties that had supported the one-party government of Premier Giulio Andreotti in Parliament. Without the backing of the Communist, Socialist, Republican and Social Democratic parties, Andreotti mildly told the Chamber of Deputies, he had no choice except to step down as head of a Cabinet that had lasted for a precarious ten months.

Party Chief Enrico Berlinguer and other Communist leaders insisted that henceforth they would settle for nothing less than "a presence in the government"—meaning seats in a future Cabinet. Berlinguer's position was that he had earned few benefits from a tacit collaboration with the Christian Democrats. Indeed, the Communists complained that they had been blamed for unpopular government decisions without having gained any real power.

A Communist pledge to cooperate in a three-year government economic recovery plan, for example, had been attacked by workers who felt that they would suffer from new austerity measures and wage restraints. Similarly, the Andreotti government's failure to make a dent in unemployment, which rose from 1.5 million



Premier Giulio Andreotti in Rome

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World

to 1.7 million in 1978, caused the jobless to criticize Berlinguer for not pushing through employment programs.

As a result, extreme left-wing groups and militant nonaligned unions had gained a host of new supporters, while the Communists suffered significant losses in local elections last year. Apparently reacting to widespread charges that the Communists had betrayed ideology for the illusion of influence, the once moderate and conciliatory Berlinguer has taken an increasingly tough stance. At the same time, Christian Democratic leaders have remained obdurate in rejecting Communist participation in the Cabinet.

As his first effort to solve the crisis, Italy's 82-year-old President Sandro Pertini asked Andreotti to try to form a new government. If he succeeds, it will mark the third Cabinet in a row that Andreotti has headed, but the odds are against him. Although a skilled parliamentarian, he does not belong to the Christian Democratic leadership. His party, moreover, sorely misses the masterly negotiating talents of onetime Premier Aldo Moro, who was kidnapped and murdered by Red Brigades terrorists last year.

The Christian Democrats and the Communists together represent about 70% of the popular vote. If they fail to find a face-saving compromise, the result could be a general election well in advance of the one scheduled for 1981. Both major parties have publicly declared that they dislike this prospect; privately they may want it. The Christian Democrats, who made encouraging gains in last year's local polling, hope that they could do even better. For their part, the Communists may reckon that an election soon would be preferable to one in 1981, when their popularity might have declined even further.

The Communist losses in last year's regional elections partly reflected public reaction to atrocities by ultraleftist terrorists, who regard themselves as Italy's "true" Communists. Renewed outbreaks of terrorist violence are unlikely to help Berlinguer at the polls. Last week, for example, Milan's deputy public prosecutor, Emilio Alessandrini, was assassinated by a group linked to the Red Brigades. He was the third terrorist victim in a month and the 34th in the past 13 months. Protesting his murder, Milan's trade unions called a four-hour work standstill during Alessandrini's funeral.

Many Italians fear that calling elections would set the scene for even more terrorism. "This is a period when this country cannot afford to be without political leadership," said a Western diplomat in Rome last week. "The vacuum and confusion created by an electoral campaign could be extremely dangerous." Predicted Socialist Leader Bettino Craxi: "Early elections would be a concession to the Red Brigades, who want destabilization and chaos in this country."

BRITAIN

Peace at a Price

Truckers settle, but other strikes get worse

Black plastic bags of garbage piled up in mini-mountains on the sidewalks of London last week. Birmingham's major hospitals sent most of their patients home, reserving treatment only for emergency cases and the critically ill. In Liverpool, authorities were debating whether it would be necessary to bury bodies at sea, since local gravediggers refused to work.

Seeking wage hikes of 40%, thousands of garbage men, hospital workers, gravediggers and schoolteachers were staging wildcat walkouts, even though Britain otherwise was supposed to be enjoying a week of relative labor peace. That erstwhile peace had been purchased at a whopping price. Some 80,000 truck driv-

summed leaders of four public service unions to 10 Downing Street, imploring them to show compassion for the public. The uncompromising response from one union official: "We will put the screws on tighter and tighter."

Meanwhile, Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey had grim warnings for Britons about a new inflationary spiral. If wage increases sought by public service employees and other striking workers average 15%, the country could expect double-digit inflation by summer, reaching 13% by year's end (current rate: 9%). The wage hikes could add \$6 billion to the cost of public services in Britain, which the Labor government might have to offset by raising taxes and cutting government ex-



Refuse piling up in London streets as local garbage strike continues

After three years of pay restraints, "we will put the screws on tighter and tighter."

ers, whose four-week strike had dealt a crippling blow to trade and industry, were voting region by region to return to work. Well they might, since they had won a 21% pay increase for the year, hardly a farthing less than their initial 22.5% demand.

After three years of living with severe pay restraints, British workers are inclined to play follow-the-leader—meaning that the drivers' 21% increase will become the magic figure in future contract negotiations involving other unions. Practically speaking, the drivers' victory was a death blow to Prime Minister James Callaghan's attempt to enforce a 5% ceiling on wage increases this year. Callaghan met with heads of the powerful Trades Union Congress in an effort to patch together a new labor accord, but without any conclusive results. He also

penditures by \$3 billion. If so, the number of unemployed in the country could rise from about 1.5 million to 2 million.

Confident that she has found a winning issue for elections that could take place this spring, Conservative Leader Margaret Thatcher toughened her stand against the unions. Said she: "If someone is inflicting injury, harm and damage, by God, I'll confront them."

One goal of a Thatcher government would be to limit union power by passing legislation to outlaw closed union shops and rule out secondary picketing in which striking workers can disable factories not directly involved in disputes. Many Britons sympathize; a Gallup poll showed that 84% of citizens felt that national trade unions were too powerful. It was their lowest popularity rating in 40 years of polling.



Smith argues for the referendum, and a white Rhodesian farmer expresses disapproval

RHODESIA

One Step Closer to Black Rule

The danger is that the fighting may turn into all-out civil war

We're trying to put things right, but the battle carries on. What a time, what a time it's been.

What a time, indeed. The current bal-lad by Rhodesian Singer Clem Thole-let reflected the country's mood as Thole-let's father-in-law, who happens to be Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith, led his white countrymen one step closer to black majority rule. Last week, at Smith's urging, white Rhodesians went to the polls to approve by a wide margin a new constitution under which rule is to pass from the country's 240,000 whites to its 6.4 million blacks. The transition will take place after the whites, along with 2.8 million black voters, approve a new government in another election scheduled for April 20.

Smith, who had spent two weeks touring the embattled country, professed to be delighted that 85% of the 67,000 voters had supported his position in the referendum. "I had faith in the Rhodesian people to face up to the realities of life," he declared. "The result is even better than expected."

In truth, however, it had been a somber campaign. Smith's audiences no longer expected the speeches about preserving the "Rhodesian way of life" that had once characterized his campaign style. As he traveled through guerrilla-hit cities, towns and farming areas, his message was unadorned: "We have no other choice. This constitution is the best deal we can hope for. I'd rate our chances of success at a little more than 50%."

Every audience had felt the devastating effect of the last six years of active guerrilla war. At the Sports Club in the farming area of Centenary where Smith spoke, the man who should have been the chairman, Gert Muller, had died in a rocket attack on his farm on New Year's Day. One woman told Smith that she had lost five relatives within six months. She was supporting him in this election, not out of enthusiasm so much as out of a grim and grudging acceptance of the inevitable.

Some of the sharpest criticism of Smith's policies came in the cities and towns, where terrorism is increasing. In Salisbury the Prime Minister was heckled by a group of ex-servicemen still committed to the idea of a military solution. Some critics called the referendum a "mandate for disaster," and one young veteran taunted Smith with the words of another current song: "Will someone tell us why we fight? Why what once was wrong is now what's right?" Nobody tried to explain that, by fighting off political change for so many years, the Smith government had helped to bring Rhodesia to its present impasse.


One of Smith's immediate problems is to maintain some kind of unity in his interim government, in which he shares power with three moderate black leaders: Bishop Abel Muzorewa, the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole and Chief Jeremiah Chirau. Many black supporters of these leaders have already expressed their displeasure over the amount of power that the whites will retain after a new government takes office following the April

elections. The whites will still hold 28 of the 100 seats in Parliament and one-quarter of the Cabinet portfolios, and will retain a strong voice over the judiciary, the civil service, the police and army for at least ten years. Though they will obviously have far less power than in the days when they ran the whole show, they will not be doing too badly for a group that presently constitutes less than 4% of the Rhodesian population.

Even the proposed name of the country under the new constitution reflects the continuing white influence. Until now, it has been assumed that, when Rhodesia passes to black rule, the country would become "Zimbabwe." But the present plan is that it will merely become "Zimbabwe-Rhodesia," a hyphenated abomination that angers Smith's black partners in the interim government and many of their supporters. A few cynics in Salisbury have suggested renaming the country Amnesia, after all the promises that have been forgotten along the way.

The gravest problem, however, is that Rhodesia is still wracked by guerrilla war, and there is no end in sight. Twelve thousand black and white Rhodesians have been killed in six years of fighting, of those, 500 died last month alone, making January the third worst month for casualties since the war began. Almost 90% of the country is under one form or another of martial law: most people travel by convoy, with or without military escort, and most are armed. The Patriotic Front, headed by Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe, has 12,000 guerrillas inside Rhodesia and thousands more in neighboring Mozambique and Zambia. The prospect is that it will fight on as long as it thinks it has a chance of coming to power in Salisbury. Western governments and several other interested parties made overtures last year to coax Nkomo into abandoning Mugabe and joining the interim Rhodesian regime. The efforts failed. Dismissing last week's results and the April election as well, Nkomo scathingly told TIME: "The people will have won the war by April."

Smith's hope is that the elections in Rhodesia may persuade the U.S., Britain and other Western governments to take the lead in ending the 13-year U.N. economic sanctions against his country. Once a new black government is accepted as legitimate by other nations, it might then be able to gain some military support, if only from South Africa and a few others, in fending off the guerrillas. A likelier prospect is that the guerrilla war will turn into a broader civil war as the various black factions, separated by tribal, personality and ideological divisions, battle each other for power. Small wonder, then, that more than 13,000 of Rhodesia's dwindling number of whites chose to emigrate last year, and that between now and the April elections another 10,000 are expected to leave. ■

A photograph of a breakfast in bed scene. In the background, there is a white cup of black coffee, a stack of golden-brown toast, and a white egg in a small white cup. In the foreground, a hand holds a blue-handled knife over a black velvet jewelry box. Inside the box lies a diamond pin with a central cluster of five diamonds and four horizontal bars on each side. The scene is set on a white surface.

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World

EAST-WEST

Advice on Dissent

Sakharov speaks on détente

President Carter's policy of sharply attacking human rights violations in the Soviet Union gained headlines, but did nothing to change the Kremlin's stamp-out approach to political dissent. In a thoughtful article published in a special February issue of *Dialogue*, the bulletin of the Trilateral Commission, Physicist Andrei Sakharov, father of the Soviet hydrogen bomb and leader of his country's beleaguered dissident movement, offers Carter some advice on how to persuade Moscow's leaders to improve their human rights record without damaging détente. Excerpts:

The Carter policy [on human rights] responds to the demands of our time, and it is very important that it receive even broader support. In the Western press, the thought has sometimes been expressed that the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, in whose success the Soviet Union is interested, have opened up possibilities of applying pressure on the U.S.S.R. on the question of human rights. In my opinion, such a viewpoint is not correct.

I believe that the problem of lessening the danger of annihilating humanity in a nuclear war carries an absolute priority over all other considerations. I believe that the principle of practicably separating the questions of disarmament from other problems, as formulated by the Administration, is completely correct.

Another problem widely discussed in the Western press concerns the use of boycotts—scientific, cultural, economic and so forth—as a means of applying pressure on the U.S.S.R. for the purpose of

freeing at least some political prisoners. I welcome such boycotts as a means of expressing protest. However, the problem of boycotts is complex and contradictory. The very traditions of a strong power do not allow the leaders of totalitarian states to react directly to pressure exerted against them. At the same time, boycotts weaken realistically useful contacts and diminish the number of levers that can be used to apply pressure in the future. With a few rare exceptions, it is best to avoid boycotts with ultimatums. That is, it should not be indicated in an obvious manner that the boycott will cease only if the totalitarian regime undertakes certain concrete steps. In such a case, a boycott will create a situation in which the opposite side is pushed into a "dead end" whence it cannot extricate itself without losing face.

I am also convinced of the necessity of combining various and impressive public campaigns with an energetic and thoughtful quiet diplomacy. The exchange of political prisoners can be an important area of action for quiet diplomacy. I do not accept the contentions against such exchanges that have been expressed in the West. In some cases, this is practically the only realistic way to tear people out of the hell of the camps and prisons. Even if this method can help only a very few people, still, it is a breakthrough, and it assuredly does not harm those who remain behind.

RUMANIA

Butting In

The carton is a currency

ARumanian lovely at a hotel bar in Bucharest sidled suggestively over to the American tourist. Instead of the usual offer of sexual delights, she cooed a surprising request: "Darling, you buy me a carton of Kents, O.K.?"

American-made Kent cigarettes, in their familiar white package, have become a form of alternative currency in President Nicolae Ceausescu's Socialist Republic. Diplomats and foreign visitors use them as tips or to consummate business as well as sexual deals. Nor do the cigarettes immediately go up in smoke. Instead, they are traded back and forth by Rumanians, who prize them as a luxury item. The street price is three times the \$1.10 cost per pack in the special dollar shops run for foreigners. "It's a startling feature of life here," says one Western diplomat. "You can't conduct business without at least having to consider using Kents—no necessarily as payment, but as a lubricant to keep things going smoothly."

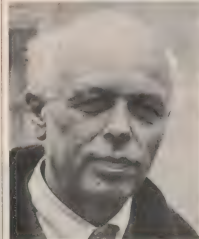
The popularity of Kents over all other imported cigarettes has less to do with taste or tar content than with the fact that Brown & Williamson International, which markets Kents abroad, has cor-



nered 90% of the Rumanian cigarette import market. The dollar shop at Bucharest's Intercontinental Hotel is piled high with cartons of Kents, a tantalizing symbol of Western opulence. Among the principal purchasers are Third World students in Rumania, who supplement their meager stipends by buying Kents and trading them for cash. Such traffic, though illegal, is tolerated by the government. After all, bribery has been part of Rumanian life since the country was under the domination of the Ottoman Empire. "We were under many foreign influences," says one bureaucrat. "We learned good things and bad things. From the Turks. From the Byzantines." He pauses and grins. "Even from the Russians."

Kents' purchasing power is high. One diplomat gets excellent refuse removal service for a year by tipping the garbage-man with Kents. When a resident foreigner's Rumanian maid asked her employer for a few packs of Kents, she explained that her daughter was preparing to take college entrance exams; the cigarettes might serve to temper the severity of the examiner.

Kents are often used to obtain better and faster treatment at hard-pressed state clinics, where services are supposedly gratis. But bribery always has its risks. A physician informed a patient that he would require several hundred packs of Kents to undertake a complicated course of treatment. The patient worked hard to obtain the requisite cigarettes. When she turned the payoff over to the doctor, he in turn used the Kents to help buy a hard-to-get passport. He then departed the country, leaving his patient untreated—and smoking mad.



Andrei Sakharov in Moscow

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Press



Chinese cameramen cluster at a Chinese embassy party for Vice President Mondale

"Fantastic!" "Beautiful!"

China's touring newsmen praise a former paper tiger

Most of the 32 journalists who accompanied Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping to the U.S. knew little or no English. Before the week was out, the Chinese reporters and film crews had learned a great deal about "body English" and were elbowing and kneeling for position along with the most practiced members of the American press. But most of the time, unleashed at last in what they had long been taught to think of as the land of "imperialists" and "paper tigers," these Chinese observers seemed withdrawn and lacking in the curious eye, pugnacious stance and fast footwork of their Western counterparts.

During their recent trip to the People's Republic, American journalists filmed hand-holding couples in city parks, raided beauty parlors and chronicled a Peking duck's journey from burnyard to dinner table. The Chinese sent home low-key interviews with the manager of Atlanta's Peachtree Plaza Hotel and an average family in Washington. A U.S. reporter wondered whether the visitors might explore some of the less attractive aspects of life in America: "That's not our plan," replied a Chinese television producer. "Our purpose is to help build friendship between our two peoples." So, instead of accustomed adjectives like "decadent" and "bourgeois," China's press was studded with "fantastics" and "beautifuls."

The idea, of course, was to give the waiting millions back home an absolutely glowing account of Teng's triumphant journey. Accordingly, no inconvenient details or unpleasant incidents were to

be photographed or written about. Violent protests by ultraradical Maoists in Washington's Lafayette Park and demonstrations by Taiwanese loyalists in Atlanta went unreported. With rigid discipline, the Chinese press portrayed Teng's host country as America the beautiful, a land apparently without poverty, blessedly free of political or racial strife, a perfect industrial model for the new China. As filler, Chinese TV stations even dipped into footage from U.S. propaganda films showing fruitful U.S. farms and factories.

To summarize each day's events, Chinese producers and technicians, assisted by personnel on loan from the three U.S. networks, put together 20- to 40-minute nightly telecasts. These were notable for their rousing music: *America the Beautiful* and *She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain* were favorites—and leisurely pace. For the same type of sequence that an American network packs into 60 to 90 seconds, the Chinese frequently used more than five minutes, unbroken by commercials. Teng's diplomatic activities, his excursions to a Ford Motor plant outside Atlanta and the Lyndon B. Johnson Space Center near Houston, plus all social gatherings were presented in loving detail.

Coverage of the trip created relatively little stir back in the People's Republic. The telecasts reached only a comparatively small portion of the population (700,000 TV sets for 1 billion people), yet they did have some impact, particularly in Peking. "Walking down the street," noted an American diplomat serving

there, "I heard a number of people saying 'Jimmyee Cahter,' which is their way of pronouncing the President's name."

In Taiwan, Teng's trip was presented differently. TV coverage of the visit was dominated by shots of the anti-Teng demonstrators. It was difficult, however, to discern exactly what the crowds were protesting because Teng himself was not shown at all on Taiwan's TV screens.

Although they warmed up toward the end of their visit, the Chinese reporters exasperated quote-hungry Americans with their studied reticence and spirit of bland approval. Ultimately, the expansive city of Houston inspired one reporter to venture a faintly salty comment. Confronted by an exhibit of lunar modules, space suits and moon buggies at the Lyndon Johnson Space Center, he saw fit to paraphrase ex-Premier Chou En-lai: "We have too many problems down here on earth. Until we solve them, there's no point in going to the moon."

Split Personality

A Franco-American Look

The logo is the same, and so is the commitment to pictures. Occasionally it flashes the informality and common touch of its popular predecessor. But in many respects the new *Look*, back this week after seven years, is a magazine with a split personality. As if to emphasize the fact, the first issue is being sold under two different covers. *Look East*, distributed as far as the Rockies, features the late Nelson Rockefeller, while Patricia Hearst smiles from the cover of *Look West*.

The new *Look* is the gamble and brainchild of Daniel Filipacchi, 51, former disc jockey and news photographer who is now the successful publisher of *Paris Match*. His original intent was a \$1 weekly with outsized 9-in. by 12-in. pages. But fearing that the magazine's \$25 million bankroll (Filipacchi put up 51%, six French partners the rest) might be exhausted before the new venture got on its feet, he decided to lower the publishing frequency to twice a month and raise the price to \$1.25. At the outset *Look* expects to sell 600,000 copies, less than one-tenth the 6.5 million total the old *Look* had when it folded. If things go according to plan, readership will swell to 1.5 million in three years, and the magazine will break into the black in 1983.

Based in New York, *Look's* editorial staff is a kind of Franco-American spaghetti, partly Parisian designers and layout people, partly veteran U.S. journalists acquired from places like *TIME*, the *Village Voice* and the Washington Post.

Though Filipacchi now spends two-thirds of his time in the U.S. and participates in all major editorial and business decisions, the man most in charge is Ed-

KING COBRA

The King Cobra...the largest venomous snake on earth. It can deliver more venom than any other snake—enough poison to kill a 5-ton elephant in a matter of hours! The sensors in its flicking, forked tongue alert it instantly to the presence of prey. Its lethal venom is discharged through short, hollow teeth...while its double-hinged jaw and elastic throat permit it to consume prey much larger than itself.

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- **Gila Monster**, which hangs onto its prey with such tenacity, it sometimes can only be torn loose with pliers...
- **Racer Snake**, which can easily outdistance a man over rough terrain by means of a complex serpentine locomotion...
- **Crocodile**, slowly driven toward extinction by its own cannibalism of its young...and man's greed for its hide.
- **Eastern Diamondback**, responsible for more deaths in the U.S. than all other snakes combined...

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Send for *Reptiles & Amphibians* today for a 10-day free examination—and begin your journey into the lairs of the earth's deadliest creatures!

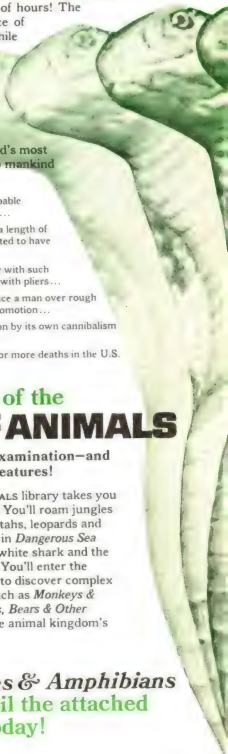


The poisonous tropical frog...toxin from his skin can paralyze on contact!



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To examine *Reptiles & Amphibians* for 10 days free, mail the attached postage-paid card today!



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your
style."

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Press

Newsweek/Thomas Griffith

When Seeing Isn't Believing

Were Iranian troops still loyal to the Shah, and would they fire on their own people? When the Shah left, the answers weren't clear. But in Tehran these days, the way to make your point is to demonstrate, preferably in front of cameras. And, so reported the New York Times nervously, about 80 soldiers in gas masks "advanced toward the correspondents, stabbing the air with their bayonets." This press demonstration by the Immortals Brigade of the Imperial Guard was organized by one Amir-Sadeghi, who then said of the Ayatollah Khomeini, "We'll chop him up for dog meat—or maybe use him for target practice." Amir-Sadeghi was characterized by the Times as "the first person to give foreign correspondents accurate information about the Shah's plan to leave Iran"—and less generously by the Washington Post as "the son of the Shah's former chauffeur and a young man much given to verbal exaggeration."

The news out of Iran has been like that: rarely has reporting from anywhere been so tentative. Dispatches are full of "Little is known about..." "A day of contradictory developments..." "Other sources gave a slightly different account..." "How many civilians harbor such feelings is impossible to say, since many keep their views to themselves." Only when Ramsey Clark, after a short visit, proclaimed that 99% of the people were behind Khomeini did the New York Times's R.W. Apple Jr. commit himself to a "conservative guess" that at least 15% to 20% of Iranians were antagonistic or indifferent to the Ayatollah.

In the current situation, even seeing isn't believing, as all television viewers know who saw and heard the Ayatollah's "spokesman" address the cameras, only to have everything he said repudiated by the old man the next day. On the eve of Khomeini's return to Tehran, the New York Times admitted all in a front-page headline: AYATULLAH, THE SYMBOL OF REVOLT, ELUDES DEFINITION.

The Iran story is a textbook example of why it is necessary to weigh on different scales what reporters say and what columnist-pundits do. A columnist is usually admired for the vigor of his opinions and regarded as wishy-washy if he does too much on-the-other-handing. In Iran, where so much is happening but so little is conclusive, a reporter who must return to the same story day after day just hopes events haven't undone what he has just written. His ambition is a humbler one, to describe confusion lucidly, and to allow a comfortable margin for the unknown.

CBS News does think it clearly knows how Americans feel about President Carter's recognition of Communist China—he hasn't got a majority behind him. Just before Teng Hsiao-p'ing's visit, the CBS News-New York Times poll telephoned 1,500 American homes and asked, "Do you think Jimmy Carter should have pushed for closer ties with Communist China even though that meant breaking off relations with the Chinese Nationalists on Taiwan?" With the question put that way, only 32% said yes, another 22% had no opinion and 46% disapproved. Is this America speaking?

By now everybody seems resigned to the melancholy fact that a mere 1,500 Americans—carefully balanced by region, then weighted by race, sex, age and education—can reasonably forecast how all Americans will vote for President. Warren Mitofsky, who runs the CBS poll, claims to have predicted only one election wrong in twelve years. He snorts at what seems an obvious and disturbing inference—that it's hard to speak of independent opinions independently arrived at, if, without asking a whole country, its responses can be anticipated on the basis of so small a sample. According to statistical theory, says Mitofsky, the results of his question about Communist China would "differ by no more than three percentage points in either direction from what would have been obtained by interviewing all adult Americans." It's easy to test that 3% margin precisely at election time, which is why pollsters are so nervous about their voting predictions. But when the question is a more nebulous one about policies or beliefs, in which the wording can greatly alter the results, how valuable and how accurate are 1,500 answers as a reflection of what all America thinks? The figure of 22% with no opinion on the question doesn't seem high to Mitofsky "because people don't seem to care about foreign policy these days." But had they been asked, some might have explained their don't-knows by saying, "Depends on how Peking behaves, depends how much we stick by Taiwan, depends on a lot of things." Maybe that's the sort of thing the German mathematician C.F. Gauss was thinking about when he spoke of "meaningless precision in numerical studies."

LOOK



East cover



West cover

phases on energy and human interest rather than elegance of design. It contains a previously unpublished, 17-year-old interview with Marilyn Monroe and some all too predictable pictures of the likes of Brooke Shields and Princess Caroline (after all, the word *elchê* means photograph in French). The most dramatic journalistic coup is a picture essay using exclusive photographs taken in Jonestown just before the mass suicide. A colorful jab at conspicuous consumption in Beverly Hills is reminiscent of the original *Look*, and so is a story about a do-it-yourself home-building school in Maine.

"We're trying to put together a magazine that can be both read and skimmed," says Gutwillig. Though the editors show a deft touch with short text blocks, few readers are going to be able to skim the three long articles offered: a 5,400-word account by Syndicated Columnist Robert Novak of his November interview with China's Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing, as well as the two cover stories on Rockefeller and Hearst.

The old *Look* fell victim to television competition, rising postal rates and the high cost of subscription renewals. The new *Look* hopes to sidestep such difficulties, concentrating on single-copy sales from racks in supermarkets, shopping centers and stationery stores. *Look* people regard LIFE's revival four months ago as an encouraging icebreaker. If LIFE does well, they hold, *Look* may too. So far the LIFE signs are good. The Time Inc. monthly magazine just raised its ad guaranteed circulation to 1 million, from 700,000.

How one simple phone call saved a woman in a jam.

Based on an actual call made to the toll-free 24-hour Whirlpool Cool-Line® service.

(Telephone Rings)

Cool-Line Consultant: Whirlpool Cool-Line. May I help you?

Woman: It's my Whirlpool garbage disposer. I really broke it this time.

Consultant: The Cool-Line service can solve most problems right over the phone. Now what happened?

Woman: I've had this disposer for five years. It's taken everything. Skins, cores...even my son's plastic car.

Consultant: We don't advise...

Woman: It was a mistake. But even my Whirlpool disposer couldn't handle what I dropped in today.

Consultant: I hesitate to ask.

Woman: You know the metal band that holds the top of a sack of potatoes together?

Consultant: Fell in, huh?

Woman: Jammed things good. So my neighbor shows me how to un-jam it by taking a wooden broomstick and stirring.

Consultant: Right! We...

Woman: Bingo! The jam's gone. I take the metal band out, turn on the water, turn on the disposer and nothing happens. It's my fault. So just give me the name of a repair shop and I'll let you go.

Consultant: I'll be very happy to give you the name of a Whirlpool franchised Tech-Care® service representative. But before you call, let's try one do-it-yourself trick.

Woman: Trick?

Consultant: Under your sink, on the bottom of the disposer, there's a little red button marked "reset." Give it a couple of pushes.

Woman: Why?

Consultant: It's a safety device we build into every continuous feed Whirlpool disposer. It keeps the unit from burning out if it should ever jam. And it helps prevent blowing a fuse. Now push it and try the disposer again.

Woman: It works! You made my day.

Consultant: Happy to do it. If you have questions about any Whirlpool appliance, just call our Cool-Line service.

Woman: Better believe it.

This is the kind of two-way communication we've been having on our Whirlpool Cool-Line service for the past eleven years. It's just one example of the continuing concern we have for customers who purchase quality Whirlpool appliances.

If you ever have a question or problem with your Whirlpool appliance, call our toll-free 24-hour Cool-Line service at 800-253-1301. In Alaska and Hawaii, the number is 800-253-1121. In Michigan, call 800-632-2243.


Whirlpool
Home Appliances
Quality Our way of life.



People



Adjani prepares for Dumas fils

Off camera, **Isabelle Adjani** is a tough, no-nonsense Frenchwoman who regards acting as an art of deception. "fake all the time." But on camera, she is developing a persona as a romantic heroine. As Victor Hugo's tragic, love-struck daughter in *The Story of Adèle H.*, she won an Oscar nomination. In her latest role, Adjani, 23, plays Emily Brontë, author of *Wuthering Heights*. After resting up in the languorous countryside of Provence, she plans to tackle yet another demanding role: Marguerite, a jilted lover, in a movie based on *La Dame aux Camélias* by Alexandre Dumas fils. For a star drawn to literary roles, Adjani is surprisingly reticent about her career. "Life is worth being lived," she shrugs, "but not worth being discussed all the time."

This President of the U.S. did not wait until he left the White House to write a blockbuster about his Administration. In fact he started work on his memoirs the day he took office, finishing them within a year. Moreover, his aide insisted, "every word was his own."

Exactly which President is this? Why, he is a character in a forthcoming novel, *Good as Gold* (Simon & Schuster, \$12.95), in which **Joseph Heller** does for Washington, D.C., what he did for the military in *Catch-22*. This time Heller's

hero is Bruce Gold, a Jewish writer from Manhattan's Upper West Side, who hopes to get away from his Portnoyesque family to be a "high Government official," even though to do so he may have to get a "better" wife. "Belle would be O.K. for Labor or Agriculture," someone advises Gold, "but not for Secretary of State or Defense." And Gold's aspiration is to follow in the footsteps of **Henry Kissinger**, even though Gold considers him "an odious slump" and a "shallow, socialite warmonger." Says Heller innocently: "I don't think Kissinger should mind my portrayal. Everyone knows how grateful he is for criticism."

"It's nice to be a beginner in one's 70s," says **Isidor Feinstein Stone**. Izzy closed down his investigative newsletter,



Heller has a new catch

I.F. Stone's Biweekly, in 1971 after a 19-year run, and has turned to a new career translating ancient Greek. Although his formal training was only a single semester of Greek more than 50 years ago at the University of Pennsylvania, he has translated a number of poems, five of which appear in the current issue of the *New York Review of Books*. He also reads Greek history in the original. "It's trying to dig out the truth from ancient documents the way I used to dig them out of the Pentagon," says Stone. So excited is he about his new endeavor that he has lectured about it on the college circuit. At Berkeley, he called himself "a recycled freshman in ancient Greece."

He was an alcoholic author, a chronicler of middle-class American life in books like *Main Street* and *Babylon*. She was a foreign correspondent. They married in 1928. **Sinclair Lewis** and **Dorothy Thompson**, and soon found that their temperaments didn't mix. Now the story of their stormy relationship will be told in *Strangers*, opening March 4 on Broadway. "Thompson was a great, great force in American life and, along with Eleanor Roosevelt, the most successful woman in the U.S.," says **Lois Nettleton**, who will play the challenging role. Lewis too was a "monumental person," says Actor **Bruce Dern**, who is returning to Broadway after nearly two decades on TV and in films (*Coming Home*). "Lewis accepted the Nobel Prize at age 45, spent the rest of his life trying to live up to that prize, and it finally broke him."

Need a hired hand in Florida? Dial the Capitol in Tallahassee. Newly inaugurated Governor **Robert Graham** just took in \$24 for an eight-hour day laying sod. "It's good for you psychologically. It cleans out the cobwebs of the day-to-day crises you normally deal with," says Graham, 42, who literally worked his way into office by spending 100 days of



Governor Graham slings sod

his campaign at odd jobs. Among them scrubbing bedpans, covering a police beat, hefting fertilizer and tuning Toyotas. The idea was to "get in touch with the people" (and perhaps make voters forget his roots as a millionaire South Florida cattle baron). Now that he is in the Governor's mansion, Graham still plans to spend one day a month moonlighting. On his job list: court bailiff, political reporter and phone staffer with the state's consumer complaint bureau.

On the Record

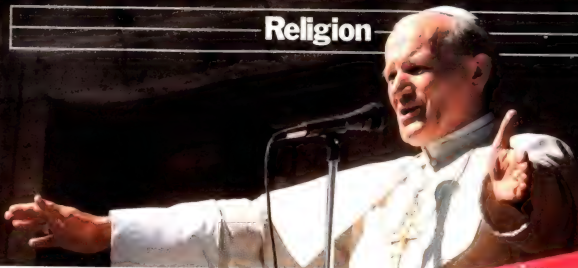
Betsy Cronkite, wife of CBS-TV anchorman Walter: "Sometimes, if we have an evening home, we're likely to sit here with a tray and watch straight through, like Mr. Average Man, all the dumb shows."

Prince Charles, heir to the British throne, after taking a nasty spill on the ski slopes: "We British ski on."

Eugene McCarthy, former Senator and now author: "The only thing that saves us from the bureaucracy is inefficiency. An efficient bureaucracy is the greatest threat to liberty."

Nellie Connally, John's wife, on her husband's campaign for the Republican presidential nomination: "I don't mind sharing John with the state or the country, but I don't want a grrr-him away."

Religion



Under a bright Mexican sun, Pope John Paul II blesses a waiting crowd outside Guadalajara's cathedral

John Paul vs. Liberation Theology

In Latin America, the Pope deplores Marxist influences

Seen from the airplane above, all of Mexico City winked and sparkled as thousands of people caught afternoon sunlight in tiny mirrors and flashed a farewell up to Pope John Paul II. It was a showy, yet fond ending to a spectacular seven-day tour. And it reflected not only the depth of religious feeling that has survived a 120-year attempt to secularize Mexico, but the popular impact of the Pope's good-natured and forceful personality. "It was the greatest success any foreign leader has ever scored in Mexico," a local journalist noted. Besides being a public relations coup, the tour had had its substantive side. For it was the occasion of John Paul's first major policy speech, on the agonizing question of Christianity and social revolution.

The turnout of Mexicans intent on seeing the Pope in person defied counting. Many millions greeted him at motorcades, Masses, festivals. Much of his 81-mile route from Mexico City to Puebla lay through a valley of humanity that lined the road, including the aged and the sick who came in hope of a cure.

Through an exhausting schedule that took him more than 15,000 miles to the Dominican Republic, Mexico and the Bahamas, the Pope proved ever willing to run late in order to make time for people. Near the Guadalajara Cathedral, a crippled teenage girl waited in hopes of meeting John Paul, but he did not see her at first in the press of the crowd. When someone whispered

to him about the girl, he whirled around and waded into the mob to find her. He never did.

Wherever he went, the Pope was greeted with showers of confetti, fireworks, floating balloons, flocks of white doves and plenty of overzealous rhetoric. In Puebla, an excited priest, warming up the gigantic crowd assembled at a soccer field, referred to the Pope as "John the Baptist, Christ in the flesh, and the new Moses." Near Oaxaca, in the heart of Mexico's largest concentration of traditional Indian culture, John Paul sat atop a massive dais as women performed a stately dance and men wearing giant white clown masks stomped about. Everywhere, street peddlers hawked papal photos or T-shirts with the papal portrait.

The Pope had come to Mexico to address the third continent-wide meeting of Latin American bishops and urge a care-

fully balanced commitment to both spiritual and social goals. The bishops' meeting at Puebla is discussing church strategy in Latin America, where oppressive regimes and desperate poverty abound. In consequence, many priests have turned to "liberation theology" and revolutionary Marxist thinking. In their view, work for social and economic revolution is central to the church's task.

In the chapel of the Palafox Seminary, before an audience of bishops, 6,500 miles from St. Peter's, John Paul delivered a 5,000-word speech that may mark the entire course of his papacy. The text was designed to strip away any ambiguity over future papal social policy. From Leo XIII's *Rerum Novarum* (1891) to John XXIII's *Mater et Magistra* (1961), papal encyclicals have rejected both the "unregulated competition" of laissez-faire capitalism and Marxism's class struggle with its elimination of private property. However, in his 1967 encyclical *Populorum Progressio*, Paul VI allowed for revolutions in extreme cases and thus left the door open to liberation theology.

John Paul, who rose to eminence in Communist Poland, made clear his urgent desire to eliminate priestly activism based upon Marxist dogma. The Pope emphatically rejected liberation theology, without ever using that phrase. Repeatedly emphasizing the value of each person before God, and the need for spiritual freedom, he used the term liberation in a Christianized context. To the Pope, "atheistic humanism" holds out to mankind only a half liberation, because it bases everything on economic determinism and ignores spiritual dynamics. The result, he said, is



Admiring spectators lean down toward John Paul at Mexico City cowboy show

"The greatest success any foreign leader has ever scored"



Waving to the Pope, enthusiastic Mexicans press in toward the motorcade through the streets of Puebla

that man's very being is "reduced in the worst way." Today, he said, "human values are trampled on as never before." Implicit in his statements was a basic judgment: the tactics of Marxist revolution, based as they are on class conflict, violate the most profound Christian teaching.

In one passage heavy with theological significance, he rejected efforts by modern radicals to view Jesus Christ as a political Messiah. "People claim to show Jesus as politically committed, as one who fought against Roman oppression and the authorities and also as one involved in the class struggle," said the Pope. "This idea of Christ as a political figure, a revolutionary, as the subversive man from Nazareth, does not tally with the church's catechesis." The Gospel and the church, he preached, must transcend all political ideologies. But while the church's mission is "not social or political," the church "cannot fail to consider man in the entirety of his being." In particular, Christians must seek a "more just and equitable distribution of goods, not only within each nation but also in the world in general."

He made a detailed statement against violations of human rights, as he has done previously. Before the Indian audience in Oaxaca, he uttered a fervent plea for economic justice and redistribution of land. Attacking "the powerful—rich classes—who often leave untillied the lands in which lay hidden the bread that many families need," John Paul cried: "It is not just, it is not human, it is not Christian." At Monterrey, he defended laborers' right to organize and protect their economic interests. In an obvious reference to the

wetbacks who head for the U.S., he stated, "We cannot close our eyes to the plight of millions of men who abandon their homelands, and often their families, in search of work with no social security and miserable wages."

The pivotal issue in the Pope's speech was one of tactics. John Paul believes more rights can be gained for the oppressed through moral education than by agitation and revolution. Said he: "Whatever the miseries or sufferings that afflict man, it is not through violence, the interplay of power, and political systems, but through the truth concerning man, that he journeys toward a better future."

The Puebla address drew careful limits on priestly activism. It emphasized that political work is largely the task of the laity. In other speeches, the Pope warned a meeting of nuns against secularizing their mission, and told a large gathering of the clergy, "Be priests, not social workers or political leaders or functionaries of a temporal power."

Many progressive Catholics found this approach unsatisfactory. Some Latin

American militants were upset that the Pope made only indirect attacks on right-wing regimes that have been harassing and murdering activist priests. One bishop told *TIME* that because of this omission, the speech had condemned him and others to possible martyrdom. Another bishop said that dictatorships will now use the Pope's words as an excuse to repress all social action by priests and nuns.

Other critics contended that the call for evangelism was naive. Wrote Manuel Stephens Garcia, noted Mexico City political columnist: "When you speak of revolution, the problem of hatred and violence immediately emerges. But Brother John Paul, do you believe that the rich and powerful, who now as a hundred years ago imagine Latin America as their own private property, are going to yield their privileged position, their businesses, by a pacific process of civil, moral and spiritual conviction?"

The key liberation-theology strategists who were observing the Puebla meeting assumed a low profile. They issued no public response to the Pope and pursued behind-the-scenes politicking among friendly bishops from Brazil and elsewhere. The bishops' meeting will run until Feb. 13, and the progressive bishops hope to wring from it an explicit condemnation of right-wing "national security" tactics and capitalist exploitation. They may succeed. Liberation theologians also want endorsement for church latitude in their continued pursuit of activist and Marxist-influenced theologizing. Whatever the bishops decide, the topics are certain to be hotly debated, not merely at this meeting but for decades to come.



Nuns hold papal colors during John Paul's sermon at soccer field in Puebla

"It is not just, it is not human, it is not Christian."

Living

Paris Fashions Go to Peking

With Cardin's couture, a Great Leap Sexward

Sex is not something they talk about openly in China. Nor do they dress with it in mind. The country's slim, trim women wear no perfume, jewelry, nail polish, or shadow on their almond eyes; for the most part, they march around in the same austere white shirts, shapeless blue pants and sandals as the menfolk. While early marriage is discouraged (men are urged to wait until they are at least 28, women 25), the People's Republic frowns equally on premarital amour, and the unappetizing national costume seems designed to defuse dalliance.

But wait! Things are changing. Thirty years after its Communist revolution, China may now be ready for the sexual revolution. If so, historians will undoubtedly hail an unreconstructed capitalist as point man in the Great Leap Sexward. The man, *naturellement*, is Pierre Cardin.

Designer Cardin at 56 has attached his name to practical fantasies that can be worn, walked on, slept in, sat upon, munched, drunk, flown, pedaled or driven in 69 countries. His latest coup is an

agreement to serve as exclusive consultant to China's embryonic fashion industry. The Parisian may have his *haute couture* models reproduced in China, where the workmanship is exquisite and cheap, creating a new export trade for the Middle Kingdom. If the contract works out, 10% of Cardin-Cathay will be reserved for sale inside China, which is probably wise, considering the fact that in France even a

Knife-pleated gown with thigh-high slit



Red coat with padded "pagoda" shoulders

readymade Cardin frock sells for at least \$200, as much as the average Chinese worker's income for about seven months.

Nevertheless, the clothes to be shown in China will differ not a whit from the 200 designs paraded last week for Western buyers and fashion reporters at L'Es-pace Cardin in Paris.

The collection, to be displayed in its entirety next month in Peking and Shang-



Evening dress that enfolds body like a cocoon

hai, ranges from garments with thigh-high slits and see-through torsos to dresses and coats with overstuffed "pagoda" shoulders and gold kimono jackets worn over tight silk pants. The designer, who has spent four years plotting the Cardinization of Cathay, makes abundant use of the country's magnificent silks and cashmeres but yields nothing to Maoism. "Vroom!" he cries. "It's the shock that will be interesting. Why should I copy Mao collars when what they want is dresses from Paris? The Chinese have lost their suspicion, and dream of giving their clothes a Western image that will set China at the level of other nations."

That level already exists—at some altitudes. Cho Lin, Vice Premier. Teng Hsiao-p'ing's wife, changed from one dazzling ensemble to another during her U.S. visit last week. Many Chinese panjandrum wear silken tunics that barely bow to Mao. Sumptuousness, after all, is not exactly new to the people who created such marvels as the Ming Tombs and the Forbidden City. After decades of isolation and unisex, it is not too surprising that the Chinese should again aspire to elegance, or seek it from Paris, where some of their leaders were educated. As for Cardin: "When I was 20, a fortune-teller told me that my name would be on all the walls of the cities of the world." Now, the Great Wall?

'I didn't sacrifice great flavor to get low tar.'

"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy.

"But then I tried Vantage. Frankly, I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers.

"That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked.

"For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."

Peter Accetta

Peter Accetta
New York City, New York



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Sport

Steve's Slump

Cauthen loses 110 in a row

The fourth race at Santa Anita was for four-year-old horses that have never won, otherwise known as "maidens." The purse was \$13,000, the crowd sparse and the Southern California weather mucky. The winner by a neck: a 5-to-2 shot named Father Duffy.

Not exactly the Triple Crown. But for the winning jockey it meant deliverance. When he climbed aboard Father Duffy last Thursday, Boy Wonder Steve Cauthen, 18, winner of the Triple Crown and just under \$5 million last year, had not won a race since New Year's Day. His losing streak of 110 straight races, one of the worst ever for a major jockey, was a stupefying slump for The Kid who once won 23 of 54 races in a single week.

Rumors blamed Cauthen's woes on the distractions of fame and California women. But Cauthen's ex-agent Lenny Goodman dismissed the gossip and accused California trainers of sticking Steve with slow horses: "I could not give him the horses I wanted him to ride. They gave me leftovers." The bettors agree: Cauthen rode only ten favorites during his winless streak. Explained Trainer Joseph Trovato: "Trainers have their own commitments. It's hard to break into that if you're an outsider." Frustrated, Goodman packed up and left for New York two weeks ago. Cauthen, who began his association with Goodman 2½ years ago, is now on his third agent.

Last week came the biggest blow. Trainer Laz Barrera pulled Cauthen off Affirmed, the horse he rode to the Triple Crown last year. Horsemen do not show slumping jockeys quite the paternal support that Leo Durcher, manager of the old New York Giants, gave a weeping



A dejected Steve Cauthen after losing in the mud at Santa Anita

"You know what race-track people do fastest? Bury others."

rookie named Willie Mays after he had gone 1 for 26 in his major league debut ("Tomorrow's another day, kid, and you're going to be playing centerfield tomorrow"). Barrera said the decision not to let Cauthen ride Affirmed in the \$200,000 Strub Stakes was "one of my hardest." But he earlier confessed, "You know what race-track people do fastest? Bury others." Still, it was Barrera who put Cauthen on Father Duffy, and gave The Kid the chance to break his losing streak.

A poised hero during his glory days, Cauthen was clearly shaken. "No matter if you have the greatest team in the world," he said, "you [play] out of town sometimes, and you get beat by the local yokels. I've just got to dig in and get tough." Cauthen has been a determined rider ever since he began practicing yoga at 13 to heighten his concentration: a year earlier he was flailing at hay bales to improve his whip technique. But simple

cures are often hard to find for slumping athletes. Cauthen, however, does not appear to have picked up any bad technical habits. "He's not doing anything different," growls Barrera. Nor is growth the problem: Cauthen is less than an inch taller than he was when he won the Triple Crown, and he weighs only 104. Some have suggested that after Goodman had a heart attack in July, he stopped hustling for good mounts; and that after Cauthen injured his knee in an August spill, he stopped trying so hard to spur them on. Now Laffit Pincay Jr., the rider who replaced Cauthen on Affirmed for the Strub Stakes, wonders if The Kid is not "trying too hard."

To get hot again, Cauthen may need to regain his almost mystical touch, the energy he seemed to communicate to horses through his skilled oversize hands. Then again, ex-Agent Goodman may have the best prescription: "Fast horses." ■

Milestones

BORN. To Yevgeny Yevtushenko, 45, Soviet poet, and Jan Butler, 26, her husband's assistant and translator: their first child, in Bournemouth, England. Name: Alexander. Yevtushenko has no natural children from his two previous marriages, though he has one adopted son.

MARRIED. Joseph P. Kennedy II, 26, eldest son of Ethel Kennedy and the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy; and Sheila Brewster Rauch, 29, daughter of the chairman of the Philadelphia Saving Fund Society; both for the first time, in Gladwyne, Pa.

DIVORCED. Mia Farrow, 33, pixieish actress (*Rosemary's Baby*, *The Great Gatsby*); and Andre Previn, 49, composer, conductor and currently music director of the Pittsburgh Symphony; after eight years of marriage,

six children (three adopted), in Santo Domingo

DIED. John Simon Ritchie, 21, English punk-rock musician better known as Sid Vicious of the notorious, now disbanded Sex Pistols group, of a heroin overdose, one day after being released on bail from prison, where he was awaiting trial for the October murder of his girlfriend, Nancy Spungen, 20, in Manhattan.

DIED. Victoria Ocampo, 88, Argentina's "Queen of Letters" for nearly half a century; in Buenos Aires. Educated in Europe, Ocampo in 1931 founded *Sur*, an avant-garde Spanish literary magazine that introduced to her countrymen such established foreign authors as Shaw, Faulkner, Sartre and Camus as well as

South American writers like Jorge Luis Borges and Gabriela Mistral. Jailed briefly in 1953 for speaking out against the Peron regime, Essayist-Translator Ocampo continued to edit and finance the magazine throughout her 80s.

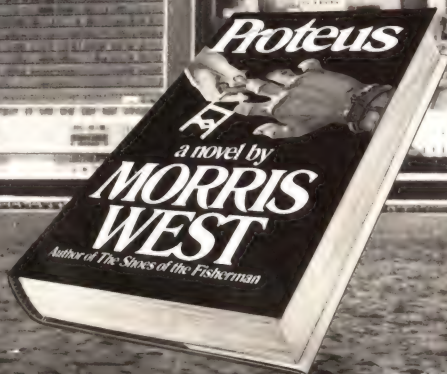
DIED. Malcolm Muir, 93, founder of *Business Week* and longtime executive of *Newsweek* in Manhattan. As president of the McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., Muir in 1929 helped create *Business Week*, and in 1937 joined *News-Week* as its president. He changed the four-year-old magazine's name to *Newsweek*, emphasized more interpretive stories, introduced signed columns and international editions. Muir was named honorary chairman of the board when the Washington Post Co. bought the magazine in 1961.

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—John Barkham Reviews



Cinema

Adrift in a Winter Wonderland

QUINTET Directed by Robert Altman

Screenplay by Frank Barhydt, Robert Altman and Patricia Resnick

A first Robert Altman's new film looks like a baffling slice of metaphysical sci-fi—a sort of 2001 at Marienbad. Weirdly costumed characters with names like Essex and Ambrosia wander around a frozen, nameless city mumbling about the Apocalypse. Packs of vicious dogs appear in scene after snowy scene to gnaw on abandoned human corpses. The number five turns up everywhere: people wear five-sided hats, speak of a five-sided universe and play a five-sided board game called Quintet. What is going on? Is that rascal Altman trying to bring back the new math?

ciphered, is even more tired than its ideas. *Quintet* is built around a vintage sci-fi gambit that only a few years ago turned up in an execrable action movie. *Rollerball*. Here again, we are in the midst of a futuristic society that worships a deadly game with indecipherable rules. Quintet appears to be a shotgun marriage between backgammon and Russian roulette. The hero (Paul Newman instead of James Caan) is trying to beat the game before he becomes its bloodied victim. Yet the plot is so familiar that the audience figures out the moves at least an hour before the characters do. By the time the

witless lines amount to paint-by-number existentialism: "Every time you cheat death, you feel the pure thrill of life." *Quintet's* grave tone notwithstanding, the dialogue is often so uplifting and epigrammatic that it could almost be set to a Richard Rodgers score.

None of this would be so upsetting were Altman not one of the few great directors in modern American film. *Quintet* seems a sad rejection of all the artistic instincts that have fueled his best movies. In the past Altman has let art flow from life: he has allowed his characters to operate spontaneously and then permitted his films' meanings to grow out of the crazy-quilt action. This time around he has done the reverse. The characters are constricted by a trite, preconceived moral and soon become inanimate pawns in a pseudointellectual shell game. *Quintet* is designed to stimulate superficial cocktail party chatter rather than to provoke an audience's hearts or minds. Altman has toyed with this method once before, in the disastrous denouement of the otherwise vivid *3 Women*, but he has never let such pedantry overwhelm an entire movie. The results seem not only silly but insincere. For all the soppy lip service Altman pays to life, his film never attempts to arise from the slumber of the dead.

—Frank Rich



Paul Newman and Brigitte Fosse brave the elements in *Quintet*

Foursquare in favor of life over death, love over hate, free will over fate.

About halfway through the movie, one begins to wish he were. The point of *Quintet*, it becomes painfully clear, is not nearly so obscure or weighty or downbeat as the director would have us believe. Altman is coming out foursquare in favor of life over death, love over hate, free will over fate. Though such optimistic feelings are admirable, there is no legitimate reason to cloak them in the arty mannerisms of yesteryear's avant-garde. *Quintet* has more highfalutin dialogue, pregnant pauses and overbearing symbols than the collected works of Maxwell Anderson; it has roughly as much content as a routine fortune cookie.

The film's story, once it can be de-

inevitable climax finally arrives, most moviegoers may wish they had stayed at home to watch a truly exciting sport—like, say, *The \$20,000 Pyramid*.

Quintet's tedium is in no way relieved by Altman's film-making technique. In place of his usual brio, the director has used pretentious cinematic gimmicks, monochromatic sets and portentous, dissonant music. He reduces an all-star international cast—Newman, Fernando Rey, Bibi Andersson, Brigitte Fosse, David Langton, Vittorio Gassman—to interchangeable (and often indistinguishable) ciphers. He blurs the perimeters of his images with Vaseline. Though two writers assisted Altman on the screenplay, the

La Différence

THE INNOCENT

Directed by Luchino Visconti

Screenplay by Susi Cecchi D'Amico, Enrico Medioli and Luchino Visconti

WIFEMISTRESS

Directed by Marco Vicario

Screenplay by Rodolfo Sonogo

Laura Antonelli's cold beauty is on view—every single square centimeter of it—in two opulent and languidly erotic Italian films just released in the U.S. Curiously enough, not only does each production star Antonelli, but each is a turn-of-the-century costume drama dealing ironically with the torment of a philandering husband cuckolded by a young wife whom he assumes to be hopelessly frigid. Naturally, given these similarities, it is the differences between the films that are most interesting.

The Innocent is a beautifully made melodrama, whose elaborate and operatic moral dilemmas turn on issues that are curiosities today. It is the last film of the late director Luchino Visconti (*The Damned*, *Death in Venice*). *The Innocent* is taken from an 1892 novel by the flamboyant poet and adventurer Gabriele D'Annunzio. Not surprisingly, it is the tortured sensibility of the hero, Tullio, a wealthy, thirtyish landowner, that gets most of the attention. Tullio, played with

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A word to smokers

(about nonsmokers and anti-smokers)

In the expressive jargon of jazz, a lot of folks are "into" segregation these days—for smokers.

If you've ridden any planes lately, you've found yourself banished to the back of them, last to be served, last to leave.

Here on the ground there's a sudden sprouting of "No Smoking" signs. And if, by mistake, you happen to light up in the wrong place, you get a sharp reminder, annoyed frown or cold shoulder.

When that happens, it's easy to get the feeling you're being picked on, and made to feel like a social outcast.

But there's another side to this.

In Seattle some time ago, two restaurants tried segregation—an area for nonsmokers.

After a month, one had served 9,389 meals in the smoking side, and only 21 in the nonsmoker side. In the other, of 17,421 customers, only 23 asked to be segregated from the smokers.

The point is that most nonsmokers think smokers are O.K. and they like to be around us—when the choice is left up to them. So take heart.

That doesn't mean that the tiny minority of anti-smokers are going to go away. They won't. Some of them have very sensible reasons for objecting. Smoke bothers them. And a discourteous smoker bothers them as much as he bothers us smokers. And then there are people, perfectly rational about everything else, who turn kind of paranoid when a smoker approaches.

We don't know what to do about these anti-smokers any more than you do—except to treat them all with the courtesy and kindness we deserve from them.

It works with our friends, the nonsmokers; it may also work with the anti-smokers.

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Cinema

exactly the right touch of smoldering arrogance by Giancarlo Giannini. Lina Wertmüller's man of all movies, has long since transferred his sexual interest from his exquisite wife Giuliana to his mistress, a fiery countess named Teresa (Jennifer O'Neill). Tullio tells Giuliana that he loves her as he would a sister, but that his passion belongs to Teresa.

Giuliana's response is a period of gloom and fainting spells, followed by a livelier period of vigorous lovemaking with a handsome young novelist Tullio dallies with his mistress, erring with her on fur in one fireside scene the lavishness of which approaches parody. But when the final break is at hand, he discovers that it is Giuliana who fascinates him. He lets Teresa rumble off to Paris by herself



Giannini and Antonelli in *The Innocent*

Every square centimeter of beauty.

and forgives Giuliana, admitting that she has as much right as he to a lover. Since the novelist has by this time died of a tropical disease picked up on an African journey, the reconciliation of Tullio and Giuliana would seem complete.

Alas, she is pregnant by the dead writer. This Tullio's fatal male honor cannot stand, and when a son is born to Giuliana he exposes the baby to cold winter air and allows him to die. Then, after a moody conversation with his mistress, he shoots himself through the heart. Teresa, dressed appropriately in a black gown—though no one was dead when she put it on—walks unsympathetically past his body and away from the camera. She stops motionless in the middle distance, an elegant figure on a path framed by trees, as the credits roll by. It is a beautiful last shot, with a stillness that suggests an old postcard. Its accurate message is that the figures, their world and everything once considered important are withered and gone.

Wifemistress is several shades less sol-

em. Its structure in fact is that of a sex farce, though its tone is more appropriate to a sentimental comedy. The disparity may arise because Director Marco Vicario (*Homo Eroticus*) can't quite manage the French trick of finding cuckoldry hilarious. The situation, at any rate, is satisfactorily ridiculous. Luigi (Marcello Mastroianni) is a wealthy wine merchant, an idealist and a writer of tracts on the equality of women. He is also a great philanderer, with mistresses and bastard children all around Italy. But what has that to do with idealism?

When he is wrongly suspected of murder, he hides from the police in a loft across the street from his own mansion. Through a crack in a shutter, he can look directly into the bedroom of his wife Antonia, a lovely, pale, sexless creature (Antonelli again) who suffers from hysterical paralysis. What does he see? Antonia bounds out of bed and, thinking that her husband is dead, bravely undertakes to continue his wine business. As she does this, she discovers both his idealism and his mistresses, neither of which she knew of before. She takes up sex and pamphlet-eering, and soon, under Luigi's flabbergasted eyes, is rolling about with an assortment of lovers, male and female.

This is amusing, but not howlingly funny. A couple of reasons suggest themselves. One is that Antonelli has none of the fire in her eyes that might be expected of a revenge-bound wife in a farce. She plays her scenes as if they were high drama. Another is that Mastroianni, though not quite so sober, lets us see too much of the pain that an actual man would feel under such circumstances.

Even so, *Wifemistress* is thoroughly likable. The exterior photography is magnificent. The sex scenes are both tasteful and warmly sensual, as is not always the case with flicks whose directors feel obliged to show a little skin. A note here about skin: as a woman viewer of both these films justly and aggrievedly noted, "They always show more of her than they do of him." The double standard marches on.

— John Skow

Stir Fry

ON THE YARD

Directed by Raphael D. Silver
Screenplay by Malcolm Braly

This low-budget prison film makes several promising gestures in the direction of documentary honesty before giving up and turning slick. The result is mildly enjoyable and instantly forgettable. The narrative deals with the downfall of a boss con named Chilly (Thomas Waite), who runs a bookmaking operation and most of the other illicit action in the prison yard. He is a short, cocky fellow of 24 who keeps the other cons and a good many of the guards in line with brains and nerve, backed up by occasional knifings done by his chicano enforcer, Gasolino (Hector Troy). Chilly's boast,

A word to nonsmokers

(about smokers)

A great jazz musician once said of his art, "If you don't understand it, I can't explain it."

That's the way it is with smoking.

If you've never smoked, it just looks puzzling — the whole ritual of lighting, puffing. What's the point?

There's really no way to explain it.

We've all heard from the people who think the 60 million American smokers ought to be, like you, nonsmokers. But even those people know there's something going on that smokers like.

Maybe that's the key to the whole tobacco thing from the beginning. It's a small ritual that welcomes strangers, provides companionship in solitude, fills "empty" time, marks the significance of certain occasions and expresses personal style.

For some people, and by personal choice, not for you. That's the way it ought to be. Whether your preference is carrot juice or bottled water, beach buggies or foreign cars, tobacco smoking or chewing gum or none of the above. Personal style.

What we're saying is that, like jazz or chamber music, some people like it and some don't.

And most of you nonsmokers understand that. It would be a dull world if everybody liked the same things.

The trouble is that some people (*anti*-smokers, as distinguished from *nonsmokers*) don't like those who march to the sound of the different drummer, and want to harass smokers and, if possible, to separate them from your company in just about everything.

And the further trouble is that even the tolerant *nonsmokers*, and that's most of you, are honestly annoyed by the occasional sniff of tobacco smoke that's a little too pervasive.

It annoys us smokers equally.

But it would be a shame if we allowed a tiny handful of intolerant anti-smokers, and a small group of discourteous smokers, to break up the enjoyable harmony we find in each other's personal style.

Maybe if we ignore them both, they'll go away and leave the rest of us to go on playing together.

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Cinema

which he is intelligent enough to see as a hollow one, is that he has run every prison he has been in since he was 14. He has a loser's pride in his reputation; he keeps his word and enforces his rules.

A new guard captain sets out to break Chilly's power in order to establish his own rule. In the conflict, both Gasolino and a con named Juleson (John Heard) die as Chilly struggles to hang on. Juleson's characterization is interesting: he is a quiet, fairly bright middle-class wife killer who doesn't fit in the underclass prison society. One of the better scenes takes place in a group therapy session, in which the other cons (most of them actually inmates at the Rockview State Correctional Facility in Pennsylvania, where the film



John Heard in *On the Yard*

The boast is hollow

was shot) goad Juleson into talking about his wife.

The film is visually convincing; the faces are those of defeated men, and Rockview's cells and exercise yard are appropriately bleak. Brutality by guards is dealt with, but gingerly, and the coercive homosexuality in prisons is simply ignored, as is tension between black and white inmates. Realism fails partly because some of the principal characters, Chilly among them, are made a bit too likable by the story's occasional tendency to break down into bad guy-good guy situations. But the most important lapse is simply that the workings of the plot, which involves a not very believable escape, make life on the yard too lively. Dullness and indifference are the realities of prison, but these, of course, are poor ingredients for a movie.

—J.S.

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Good Rocking in Store

Two TV shows take on 25 years of R 'n' R

Shapes up like a wild weekend. On Friday, Feb. 9, ABC will lavish two of its prime hours on a high-velocity history of rock 'n' roll from way back then to right now. Two days later, the same network will devote most of its Sunday-night schedule to a dramatic biography of Elvis Presley. The show portrays the first—and maybe still the greatest—of the epic rockers with a dash of eccentric imagination and a large portion of compassion. ABC has high hopes that its weekend of rock will pile up Nielsen points during the February "sweeps" period, and that is something of a signal. Rock 'n' roll, roughly 25 years old, has endured, mutated and flourished. Only one thing has changed. Rock started as rebel music. It has been big business for years. This weekend is a reminder that it has slipped smoothly into the cultural mainstream.

Heroes of Rock 'n' Roll, a time capsule of peak moments and joyous traditions, is also a first-rate primer of rock history. Malcolm Leo and Andrew Solt, who produced, directed and co-wrote the show, pay particular attention to getting the roots—in country and rhythm and blues—right. Before they talk about Buddy Holly, they show Hank Williams. Elvis storms on only after due notice has been paid to Chuck Berry. Little Richard, Muddy Waters and Ray Charles. To underscore the point, and to illustrate how threatening this music once seemed, Leo and Solt include some footage of angry parents, disc jockeys breaking rock records, and assorted other representatives of a concerned older generation, including a member of the segregationist White Citizens' Council, denouncing the music with considerable heat.

Trouble was, they could never match the heat of the performers. *Heroes of Rock 'n' Roll* is no exercise in smarmy nostalgia. What is so startling is that the early rockers come on as strong now as they ever did. Berry, doing a mean strut and split to *Sweet Little Sixteen*; Jerry Lee Lewis, ripping through a typically delicious rendition of *Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On*; Holly, singing *Peggy Sue* straight into the TV camera as if he wanted to short out the cathode-ray tubes; nothing cute, quaint or antique about any of this.

The footage that covers the early years is rare (some of it never seen before) and so red-hot that subsequent performers run the risk of coming off like contestants in a charade contest. Dylan, the Stones, the

Beatles, the Who all carry the weight of tradition with ease. But Elton John, performing in concert, sounds as if he's singing in a record-your-voice booth; Janis Joplin, desperate to please, sings blues with the synthetic soul of a Broadway belter. Linda Ronstadt's coy version of a great Jagger-Richards tune might more appropriately be retitled *Fumbling Dice*. Thoughts of decadence and decline oc-



A blast from the past: Kurt Russell rips it up in *Elvis!*
High-velocity history and sympathetic biography.

cur; Donna Summer appears. But then Jimmy Cliff shows up, singing *The Harder They Come*, and the balance is redressed. By the time the show ends, with a flourish from Elvis Costello and a blast from Bruce Springsteen, you know the future is in good hands.

Easy enough to pick a quarrel with a show like *Heroes of Rock 'n' Roll*: Where are Sam Cooke and the Drifters? Why not Van Morrison, Jackson Browne and Creedence Clearwater Revival? But the show gets all the major points straight and covers a lot of territory without stinting on either energy or spirit. *Heroes* will also

be an eye-opener for kids whose idea of the '50s is a lot of chorus boys in black-leather jackets. For those with longer memories, this is less an occasion for reminiscence than for celebration.

The long shadow across *Heroes of Rock 'n' Roll*, of course, is Elvis Presley. He gets a whole segment to himself, which includes his first Hollywood screen test, an appearance on the Milton Berle show and the great title number from *Jailhouse Rock*. In *Elvis!*, directed by John Carpenter and written by Anthony Lawrence, he is also treated well but the shadows deepen even further. He becomes the classic figure of American success: famous, frightened and mother-fixated. The movie catches Presley's suicidal insulation, the shifts of mood and all his uncertainty, manages to make his success seem ultimately stultifying without ever inviting pity. Just as important, he is not treated either as a cultural icon or as some sort of bloated, junked-up superstar, but simply as he was, a great singer whose life grew beyond him, and out of control.

The movie sets itself a lot of tough marks, especially since the film makers, anticipating sticky negotiations, did not try for the rights to any Presley vocals. However, the singing by Ronnie McDowell is gilt-edge counterfeit. Elvis' sound carefully shaped and reduplicated by Felton Jarvis, Presley's own producer at RCA. There is also a starring performance that is quite literally phenomenal. Kurt Russell, a former minor-league baseball player who has done most of his acting on TV and in obscure Disney features, does not attempt an Elvis impersonation, although he moves with gymnastic ease and curves his lip well. Russell plunges deeply into Presley's psyche, bringing all the talent and all the obsession right to the surface. He and Director Carpenter contrive an introduction that eerily sets the tone of the movie and fixes their subject all at once: his shadow deep on a white wall, Presley sits alone in a dark Las Vegas hotel room, dressed all in black, watching television from behind dark shades, waiting for the night and his first show. It's good drama and good rock 'n' roll.

Both shows are a reminder of how deeply rock has penetrated and modified American popular culture. At the core of the vast rock audience is still the generation that first heard the music, that danced to it, changed with it, married to it, and died to it in Viet Nam: a generation that has never outgrown, will never outgrow the music. A group called the Showmen said it best, and most simply, in a tune that *Heroes* uses as a theme: "It Will Stand."

—Jay Cocks

Economy & Business

Now It Is "Yankee, Don't Go!"

Europe's new worry is that U.S. firms are cutting back



Belgian workers at RCA semiconductor plant outside Liège protesting company's decision to shut down facility because of high costs

"Fifteen years from now, it is quite possible that the third industrial power just after the United States and Russia will not be Europe but American industry in Europe."

When he made that famous forecast in *The American Challenge* a decade ago, the French publisher and pop economist Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber voiced a familiar European fear that U.S. industry, armed with a strong dollar and high technological and marketing prowess, was rapidly turning Western Europe into a sort of American commercial romper room. So much for that worry. What now seems to rouse European passions is not the threat of a Yankee invasion but the prospect of a disruptive retreat.

Though many U.S. companies have in fact been quietly cutting back their European operations for some years, the specter of a wholesale pullout was not raised until last summer. Then, Chrysler Corp. abruptly announced that it was selling its European business to France's Peugeot-Citroën for \$430 million in cash and stock in the French company. Since then, alarmist charges have regularly bobbed up in Europe's press. "The American multinationals are deserting," warns a French economic weekly. "U.S. business is at ebb tide," declares a Belgian magazine.

Indeed, the Chrysler pullout has been followed by a tattoo of smaller but no-less-widely reported U.S. retrenchments. Two weeks ago, employees at an RCA semiconductor plant employing 438 workers

near Liège, Belgium, began picketing with placards attacking the company—not for being part of the American challenge but for deciding to leave. Faced with rising costs, RCA decided to shut down the plant because it was not competitive with the company's other semiconductor plants, including one in Malaysia. B.F. Goodrich, struggling for profits in an overcrowded tire market, closed a West German plant 19 months ago, and is now considering selling all its rubber-making interests in Europe. At ITT's Brussels headquarters, upwards of 60 employees, ranging from secretaries to \$125,000-a-year division chiefs, were axed from the payroll the week before Christmas. The company's European food and cosmetics holdings have been put up for sale.

What is actually happening is not an American bug-out at all, but an on-the-scene retrenchment process that European firms are also undergoing. But because the American companies are so large and visible, their pruning is getting much attention. In fact, the U.S. business presence in Europe remains huge. Last year American firms rang up more than \$220 billion in sales, accounting for fully 10% of all European manufacturing activity.

U.S. firms are scaling back because since the 1974 oil crisis and recession, Europe's economy has been whiplashed by slow growth, sagging sales and fast-rising costs, particularly in labor. Even after inflation is taken into account, hourly wages since 1970 have jumped 61% in Belgium and 70% in Italy; in the U.S., they have increased by only 12%. With the U.S. now

growing faster than Europe, multinational managers have to shave expenses or else risk having their European operations drag down the performance of the parent companies as well. As a result, businessmen are cutting their European costs in several ways.

Chopping Deadwood: More and more firms are getting rid of unprofitable or marginal subsidiaries. In June, General Electric Co. sold its part ownership of Osram GmbH, a West German light bulb manufacturer; to Siemens AG. Beckman Instruments, one of the first U.S. firms to go into business in West Germany in the 1950s, is closing its Munich production plant and laying off 500 workers. In Belgium, the list of recent casualties includes subsidiaries of Westinghouse, W.R. Grace, American Home Products and Farah of Texas.

Sending Home Staff: With the collapse of the dollar, the cost of maintaining U.S. executives in Europe has exploded, and companies are pulling them back. Notes Roger Asselmann, Brussels manager of the Arthur Andersen accounting firm: "Some American executives are collecting \$150,000 annually in various allowances, and for that kind of money, a company could send over an international vice president from the U.S. for ten-week-long trips a year on the Concorde." Sperry-Rand's six-member sales staff in West Germany, once all American, now has four West Germans. The 3M Co.'s 4,000 employees in France include only two American executives.

Getting Cheaper Digs: Though few companies are actually returning to the U.S., many firms are pulling out of high-cost areas to relocate elsewhere in Europe. Brussels, which had a very large U.S. corporate population, has been the biggest loser, and the major beneficiary of the exodus has been Britain. Recent arrivals in London include Chevron, Avon, Memorex, Playtex and the Hercules chemical company.

For all the cutting, shifting and shuffling, new American investments are being made in Europe all the time. If the new prospects do not always measure up to the blockbuster deals of the 1960s, it is because the big U.S. firms that made them are by now broadly established in Europe. For instance, Ohio's Timken Co. is building an \$8 million distribution center in Düsseldorf to counter Japanese and Eastern European competition in roller bearings. On a much larger scale, Ford is shopping for a site for a new \$450 million assembly plant, and General Motors is planning to expand its European operations as well. Indeed the total book value of U.S. investment in Europe, now over \$60 billion, continues to climb, though not nearly as fast as in the past.

Far from agonizing over this investment as they did in times past, most European governments are now encouraging U.S. corporations to come in. While the West Germans have long sought American investment, to the point of sending company-recruiting missions to the U.S., the once xenophobic French are beckoning to Yankee companies as well—just so long as they stay out of high-technology fields like computers and the cherished wine industry. As for Britain? Well, says a Department of Trade spokesman, "We continue to encourage investment—lock, stock and barrel."

Sooner or later, the pace of U.S. investment had to begin slowing. Says Edwin Artzt, manager of Procter & Gamble's \$1 billion European business: "Europe was a fat and attractive market for the U.S. in the postwar years. American companies saw the coming recovery, and they got in quickly while European industry was still getting off the floor. All that has changed now. Inevitably, the surge of the '50s and '60s brought back European industry too."

One sign of that is European industry's own growing stake in the U.S. In the past three years, these investments have risen by 60%, and now total almost \$30 billion. Just two weeks ago, Daimler-Benz announced plans to build a \$6.6 million truck factory in Hampton, Va., continuing a trend that already includes such well-known European firms as Volkswagen, Michelin and Bosch electric. For too long, multinational business was largely the domain of U.S. companies, but the new and sober realities of an anemic dollar coupled with slow growth in many countries outside the U.S. are bringing a balance that is long overdue.

Lines at the Pumps Again?

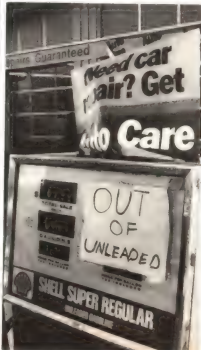
A threat of fuel curbs and Sunday closings in April if...

Abumpy stretch of gasoline shortages and substantially higher prices may well be lurking just around the bend for American motorists. That was the message coming from Washington and the nation's oil industry last week. The threat of scarcities is being raised by the political upheaval in Iran, which has virtually shut down that country's vast oil fields and is reducing supplies worldwide. Last week Energy Secretary James Schlesinger warned that unless Iran's wells are pumping again by April 1—which is unlikely, given the complexity of the job of resuming production even if the political crisis is soon resolved—the Administration will have to take steps to clamp mandatory restraints on U.S. gasoline and oil consumption.

Until now the Administration has given the impression that the U.S. could ride out the loss of Iranian oil without mandatory cutbacks until late spring or summer. The 900,000 bbl.-a-day shortfall in crude supplies resulting from the Iranian shutdown has so far been made up by increasing imports from other countries and drawing down domestic reserves. But Schlesinger said that the Government would move more quickly than expected to cut consumption so that stockpiles for next winter can be replenished over the spring and summer.

Schlesinger reported that his department is preparing "a variety of measures" to curb demand after April 1 if such moves become necessary. The most likely step: limiting the crude oil and gasoline made available to refiners and dealers. Another possibility is the mandatory closing of

Cars lined up for gas during 1974 crisis; below: ominous sign of new scarcity



Economy & Business

Trying to Measure Hardship

gasoline stations on Sundays and evenings. However, Schlesinger ruled out, at least for now, any resort to outright rationing of motor fuel.

Even before the Iranian crisis became acute, spot shortages of gasoline were occurring, largely because of tightened supplies of unleaded gas, which must be used in newer car models produced to meet federal antipollution laws. Unleaded gas requires about 10% more crude to produce than ordinary fuel, and the industry lacks the sophisticated refinery capacity needed to keep up with runaway demand.

The oil companies argue that the federal controls on gas prices that were imposed during the fuel panic touched off by the 1973 oil embargo discourage investment in new refineries because the return on investment is too low when compared with that produced by other operations. As supplies diminish, more and more oil firms are limiting deliveries of both leaded and unleaded to dealers. Two weeks ago Texaco joined American Petrofina and Phillips Petroleum in al-

The national unemployment rate is one of only two economic statistics—along with the consumer price index—that regularly stir hot political debate. Last week the Government reported that in January joblessness dropped slightly, to 5.8% of the labor force, continuing a period of little change. As the economy slows later this year, however, the rate is sure to rise, and so will questioning about whether the nation is paying too high a price to curb inflation.

But what does the rate really mean? Liberals grouse that it is too low, because it does not count people who are too "discouraged" to look for jobs. Conservatives grumble that it counts as unemployed would-be working wives and others whose joblessness scarcely plunges families into poverty. Since April, a congressionally appointed commission of nine business, labor and academic experts has been studying how to improve the unemployment figures. The group's preliminary conclusions, to be issued this week, will intensify the argument.

On balance, the recommendations would make unemployment rates slightly higher than now. Main reason: the commission wants to count as unemployed any discouraged worker who has sought a job within the past six months, vs. four weeks under present policy. That change, says the commission, would raise the jobless rate by two- or three-tenths of a point.

On the other hand, the commission would consider the U.S.'s 1.4 million servicemen to be employed. They are not included in the labor force statistics now; this made sense when most servicemen were removed from the ranks of job seekers by the draft, but is outdated in the era of the volunteer Army. Including them would reduce the jobless rate.

A much larger cut would result if, as some commission members urge, the Government raised from 16 to 18 the age at which an unsuccessful job hunter could be called unemployed. Advocates of this argue that so many 16- and 17-year-olds are students that no one can measure how many really want jobs and cannot find them. Others counter that the revision would hide an all too real problem of youth unemployment. The report leaves the question unsettled.

Other recommendations would change the way jobless rates are used to guide policy. The Government last year paid out \$10 billion in aid to areas that reported joblessness above the national average. But in order to figure out what their unemployment rates are, Congress forces states and cities to go through a cumbersome 70-step process; many find it impossible and submit figures that are really only guesses. The commission would instead base federal aid largely on state and local figures reported every five years by the census. The numbers would always be out of date, but at least they would represent a hard count.

A key question is to what extent unemployment figures chart real economic distress. They do not do this well at present, in large part because families in which both spouses work are now the norm rather than the exception; if one loses his or her job, the family can still get along. The commission wants to devise a "hardship index" that would count many employed people who labor at low-wage jobs and exclude the unemployed whose families still have sizable incomes.

But distress is tough to measure: at one point the experts were considering 18 hardship indexes. They are still undecided about what they will recommend when they make their final report next September, but it could contain some surprises, especially for liberals. One proposed index cited in the preliminary study showed that "hardship" actually declined between 1967 and 1976, even though the unemployment rate generally rose.

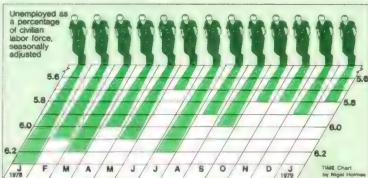


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locating supplies, and last week Chevron sought Government permission to take similar steps. Says Texaco Vice President Annon Card: "If demand keeps going up, we'll have even greater problems as we get closer to the peak driving season."

Both Government experts and industry officials agree that the surest way to resolve the problem is to lift price controls. But that is politically difficult because it would boost living costs and thus run counter to the Administration's anti-inflation drive. Last week the DOE estimated that gasoline prices would rise by about 9¢ a gal. under present price controls by the end of 1980, and by about 13¢ a gal. if the restraints were lifted. Though the department contends that decontrol would probably not greatly increase the premium on unleaded, now 4.4¢, it agrees that under the worst of circumstances, the gap between prices for leaded and unleaded could increase to 8¢. Some experts fear that a big differential between the two kinds of gas would tempt motorists to use leaded in cars designed for unleaded. That would damage the car's antipollution gear and increase exhaust emissions.

Though the Administration clearly favors lifting price controls, it has by no means decided to ask Congress to do so, given the headaches the move could cause. As Schlesinger notes, "What I want, and what I recommend, may be two different things."



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Economy & Business

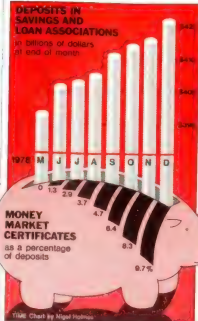
Savers' Bonanza

A \$10,000 hot ticket

Southwest Bank in St. Louis is no financial leviathan, but its starchy chairman, Isaac Long, 79, likes to throw his weight around when it comes to interest rates. In 1974 Long's bank (assets: \$150 million) became the first in the nation to cut rates after nearly a year of steady increases. Last week he was out in front again. He chopped Southwest's prime lending rate to its most credit-worthy borrowers a quarter-point, to 11.5%, touching off speculation that a climb of almost two years in the prime might soon end.

Even with interest rates at near record levels, the nation's inflation-heated economy keeps puffing along anyway, and bankers fear that lowering rates right now would make inflation worse. At week's end only Chase Manhattan and some small banks had followed Southwest's lead. Federal Reserve Chairman G. William Miller, whose tight money policy is a key reason that rates have been rising, told a congressional committee that he would not be surprised to see rates remain high for some time.

In fact, for many Americans, today's high rates have become a bonanza. The reason: since June, banks have been offering money market certificates. These are six-month time deposits that pay interest equal to—or when sold by a savings and loan, a quarter-point better than—what the Government has to offer to sell its six-month Treasury bills. And while regular bank certificates of deposit normally cannot be had for under \$100,



000, MMCs sell for as little as \$10,000; many people have switched their savings to them.

Their popularity has soared along with T-bill rates, which have climbed from 7.75% in June to a high of nearly 10% in January, although lately the rate has eased back slightly. Already MMCs account for a startling \$80 billion in deposits, and some bankers are wondering whether they were such a good idea. Their purpose was to keep banks flush with mortgage money, which dries up when in-

terest rates rise and people begin emptying out savings accounts to buy high-interest bonds. While the MMCs have prevented that from happening, they have also led banks into a tight profit squeeze, since they have had to pay more for their money as T-bill rates climb.

Unlike commercial banks, which can cover their costs by making high-interest installment loans, savings and loan banks are restricted to mortgages. In New York, Pennsylvania and other states that have usury laws, mortgage-rate ceilings are now lower than the rates banks have to pay on the MMCs. As a result, some S and Ls have begun using the cash they have received for MMCs to buy certificates of deposit paying 11% or more.

If the profit squeeze becomes too severe, the Federal Reserve could decide to put a cap on MMC rates, but an outright ban seems unlikely. Rates are bound to come down eventually.

More important, scrapping the MMCs would simply send depositors right out the S and Ls' doors again.

Pinto Ruling

A charge of company crime

In a decision that could have wide implications for corporations, an Indiana superior court judge last week refused to dismiss a homicide indictment against the Ford Motor Co. Unless Ford gets the decision overturned on appeal, the company will be tried on charges of reckless homicide. The charges, brought by a county grand jury, stem from an August 1978 accident involving a 1973 Pinto. Three girls died in the car when it burst into flames after being slammed in the rear.

Ford has been hit with more than 50 civil lawsuits charging negligence in placing the Pinto's gas tank far in the back of the car, where it is vulnerable to rear-end collision damage. In June 1978, Ford announced the recall of 1.5 million Pintos built between 1971 and 1976 to remedy this defect, which does not exist in later models. But the Indiana case is the first in which Ford—or any automaker—has been charged with a criminal offense.

The case is based on an Indiana criminal code provision adopted in 1977 permitting corporations to be charged with criminal acts. 22 other states allow this. Ford contended that it should not be tried *ex post facto* on a 1977 law for a car built in 1973 involving an accident in 1978. But the judge bought the prosecutor's argument that the charge was not based on the Pinto design fault, but rather on the fact that Ford had permitted the car "to remain on Indiana highways, knowing full well its defects." Manufacturers, said the prosecutor, should be "on notice that if they have a defective product, and know about it, they should do something about it." A jury will decide the issue when, and if, the case is tried.

Ben's Bad Calculation

Long-range financial forecasts can embarrass anyone—even so savvy a money manager as Benjamin Franklin. Eager to demonstrate that a penny saved is indeed a penny earned, Ben at his death in 1790 left a bit less than \$9,000 in trust for 200 years to the cities of Boston and Philadelphia: he directed that it be loaned to "young married artisans" who had finished apprenticeships and were setting up their own businesses. Interest on the loans, he predicted, would build up the funds to \$18 million by 1990.

No way. The funds were drained in the mid-19th century by defaults among borrowers who took the money and ran (illustrating another Franklin maxim: "Opportunity is the great bawd"). Today the trusts hold less than \$4 million; \$3.2 million in Boston (now loaned to medical students at 2%), and \$770,000 in Philadelphia (currently invested in mortgages). Boston Trustee Noel Morss figures that his city's sum will grow only to \$5 million by 1991, when it is to be divided between Boston and the state of Massachusetts under the terms of Franklin's will. The suggestion has been made that that sum be donated to Boston's Franklin Institute, but the legislative time and effort required to process such a transfer might well cost more than the \$5 million.



The donor at his desk

Economy & Business

Amexco Stalled

But the fight may go on

If American Express Co. is to win its battle for McGraw-Hill Inc., the magazine, book and information-services giant, it will have to be by way of a revolt of McGraw-Hill shareholders against their own management. That was the upshot of fast-moving developments last week that abruptly switched the tide of battle in one of Wall Street's biggest takeover wars ever.

Amexco initially seemed likely to win. But its managers appeared stunned by the fury of McGraw-Hill Chairman Harold McGraw Jr.'s attacks on Amexco's "corporate morality" and unwilling to take the chance that further such assaults would blacken its reputation during a drawn-out struggle. At the start of the week, Amexco Chairman James D. Robinson III raised the company's bid for McGraw-Hill stock from \$34 a share to \$40, or a total of almost \$1 billion in cash. But he promised not to make a tender offer to stockholders unless the majority of McGraw-Hill's board approved the bid—or at least agreed "not to oppose it by propaganda, lobbying, litigation or otherwise."

The 13-member McGraw-Hill board did the exact opposite. At a 3½-hour meeting that some present described as "intense," the directors voted unanimously to reject the \$40 offer. McGraw apparently won unanimity by harping on his two main arguments: 1) that an Amexco takeover would undermine the editorial independence of McGraw-Hill publications, especially *Business Week* and the *Standard & Poor's* bond-rating service,

and 2) that Amexco President Roger Morley had committed a "serious breach of trust" by serving as a McGraw-Hill director while Amexco was preparing its bid—a charge that McGraw repeated in a letter to shareholders announcing the rejection.

So American Express will suffer a stunning defeat—if McGraw-Hill shareholders are satisfied. A good number apparently are not. The \$40 bid is far above the market price of McGraw-Hill shares (\$30 last week). Harold McGraw's cousin Donald, who was forced out of his posts as a company group president and director, but still owns 2.5% of the stock, said he was "annoyed" that the board did not at least negotiate with American Express.

Though the chairman has called the Amexco bid illegal, Donald McGraw dismissed that charge as "a ploy that Harold is using to pass by the stockholders because he does not want to sell at any price."

At least one stockholder has already filed suits against the McGraw-Hill management and others are expected to follow, claiming that they were financially damaged by the turnaround of the \$40 bid. Said Abraham Pomerantz, a New York lawyer who makes a specialty of class action suits: "There are squeals all over America from frustrated shareholders of McGraw-Hill. My telephone has been ringing all morning with calls from people who want to join the [lawsuit] parade."

Though the suits are likely to drag on inconclusively for years, there also is talk of a proxy fight, possibly led by Donald McGraw, to unseat Harold McGraw at the annual meeting in April and install a board that would negotiate with Amexco. Two factors that will work in Harold's favor if a proxy fight does begin: last week he announced a 24% jump in McGraw-Hill's 1978 profits, to a record \$63.7 million, and an increase in the quarterly dividend from 25¢ a share to 32¢.

BONWIT TELLER

Clearance Sale

Another Fifth Avenue folding

Manhattan's Fifth Avenue is a rugged road for fashion retailers. Those that have failed in the past decade include Best & Co., Arnold Constable and Peek & Peek. Now one of the street's very biggest names will disappear: Bonwit Teller. For most of its 80-year history, Bonwit's specialized in dressing well-heeled women in genteel elegance. But the store moved from mere affluence to a position of real fashion influence in the 1960s, when its sharp-tongued president, Mildred Custin, decided that Bonwit's should take the lead in promoting the designs of such emerging ready-to-wear pacesetters as Calvin Klein and France's Andre Courrèges and Pierre Cardin. Says a Bonwit's buyer, recalling the glory days: "We were trying to be a store that would tell the customer what is correct and beautiful."

After Custin left in 1970 to form her own consulting firm, the store floundered. Over the next eight years Bonwit's owner, Genesco, the Nashville shoe manufacturer, brought in five different managers who came and went. After earning a \$5 million profit in 1970, the Bonwit chain ran up a series of losses—\$4 million last year on revenues of more than \$110 million. The revolving-door management made store executives fearful of innovation, and Bonwit's identity as a fashion authority gradually faded. Says a security

analyst: "The times changed and Bonwit's didn't."

Last week Genesco Chairman John Hanigan, 67, announced the sale of Bonwit's twelve-story Manhattan building and real estate leases to Developer Donald Trump for \$10 million. Allied Stores, a large retail chain, is negotiating to buy Bonwit's twelve branches across the country, which it would operate under the Bonwit Teller name. But at Fifth Avenue and 57th Street, where Bonwit's was rouged cheek by powdered jowl with Tiffany and Bergdorf Goodman, there will probably be some sort of high-rise.

Erasable You

Ink that isn't

Imagine the possibilities: signed business contracts could be unsigned, handwritten wills could be rewritten, love letters could hurriedly be made more (or less) loving just before mailing. Boston's Paper Mate, a division of Gillette Co., one of the largest U.S. penmakers, will launch this spring a new \$1.69 refillable pen whose ink is erasable. A \$5 million ad campaign for the Eraser Mate will push it as a boon to students, to those who fill out many forms, and indeed just about anyone who needs what the company says "could be the end of writing mistakes."

The pen uses a heavy blue ink that has many of the same properties as rubber cement (refills are available in black and red). About 100 times thicker than honey, it is contained in a cartridge in the pen's barrel, which is pressured with a charge of nitrogen gas. The gas forces the ink onto the pen's ballpoint when it is pressed against a surface. In effect, an antigravity pen, it can be used in any position. The writing can be rubbed out with an ordinary eraser up to several days later; thereafter the ink fully hardens and becomes permanent.

Paper Mate executives, who expect the Eraser Mate to capture a big share of the U.S.'s \$1 billion annual sales of writing instruments, say that it is the biggest advance in pens since felt tips appeared in the 1950s. Says Paper Mate President William Holtsinger: "What we're doing is playing with the fundamental dynamics of writing." At the rival Bic company, a spokesman scoffs: "This defeats the whole purpose of ink." Indeed, mindful of the question of permanent records and forgeries, Paper Mate consulted the American Bankers Association, which advised that a cautionary note be printed on every Eraser Mate package. The message warns buyers "not to sign or endorse checks" with the pen.



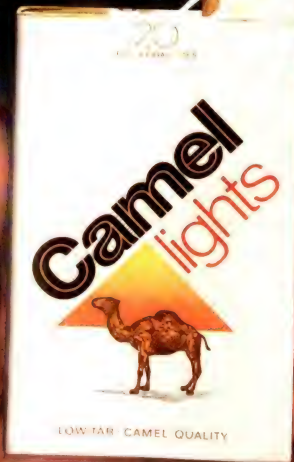
Harold McGraw

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Art



The William and Mary Room: 17th century English paneling and George I carved, gilt mirrors



The Pharaoh of Gramercy Park (1976)

Dismantling an Opulent Fossil

Treasures from Ben Sonnenberg's mansion go on auction

In recent years it was the greatest private house in New York: not comparable to the great mansions of Fifth Avenue at their height of extravagance in the Brown Decades, but an astonishing survivor, a solid, heavy and opulent fossil, that went on living long after estate taxes had killed its rivals. It stood, 37 rooms of it, on the southern side of Gramercy Park, that most Jamesian of Manhattan's squares, and last week it was proceeding, slowly and irreversibly, to come apart, as the photographers, appraisers and people from Sotheby Parke Bernet moved through it, checking and cataloguing, preparing the four-day auction that in June will scatter the mansion's contents for good. What had been the background to a life had already acquired a museum glaze; the invidious perfection of the showroom lay, like a cold sheet of plastic, on every tabletop and drawing. Its memory circuits had been cut.

The dissolution of 19 Gramercy Park is a sad sight for anyone who knew it in its former days, but it has a certain fitness. The house was a stage set; its natural fate was to be struck. The man who inhabited it, the producer, director and short, waddling star of the comedy of manners that unfolded in its rooms for some 40 years, was Benjamin Sonnenberg.

By a stroke of irony that he would, no doubt, have relished, Ben Sonnenberg died last September, at age 77, during the New York newspaper strike. Thus he had no obituaries of any size, and his passing,

though mourned by friends, made little news. But then, Sonnenberg's profession was to be the midwife of stories, not their subject. He was one of the first modern public relations men. Indeed he had been at the game so long—"fashioning," as he once put it, "large pedestals for small statues"—that many people thought he had invented the p.r. business. He had not, but Sonnenberg outlived all its other pioneers, and was to ordinary flacks what Rubens is to LeRoy Neiman.

"I gravitate toward people with money," he once said, with winning simplicity. The money brushed off like pollen: at one time or another, Sonnenberg handled the p.r. needs of CBS, Philip Morris, David Sarnoff, Lever Brothers, Samuel Goldwyn, Pan Am, Squibb, Pepperidge Farm and others too numerous to count. A prodigio, host and incessant partygiver, he was Manhattan's equivalent of the "talking chief" on other, Polynesian islands—the chamberlain who enunciates the real chief's dicta to the tribe, or, as he put it himself, "I supply the Listerine to the commercial dandruff on the shoulders of corporations." As an American success story, Sonnenberg's was cast in the old epic mold.

He was born in Brest Litovsk in 1901, the son of a penniless old-clothes dealer named Harry Zonnenberg, who emigrated to New York, scrimped and saved, and brought his family over in 1910. The boy studied; he worked as a journalist; he ped-



The red ballroom-like salon served its prodigious,

died tinted portrait photographs in the Midwest, worked as a \$25-a-week movie critic, and then wandered into a job with an American organization distributing food and medical relief to postwar Europe. Thus, in 1922, the young Sonnenberg went back to Europe—armed this time with a salary and an expense account. He went to Rome, London and Paris. "the significance of having a man draw your bath and lay out your clothes," he told *The New Yorker* a quarter of a century later, "burst upon me like a revelation.... I think it was while feeding the people in Odessa, paradoxically, that I first decided to become a cross between Condé Nast and Otto Kahn."

Back in New York, he started as a lowly flack, a pressagent. But he worked his way up so fast that, before the end of the Depression, he and his wife Hilda were able to move into the house on

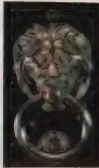
Gramercy Park, which for years had been subdivided into poky flats. No. 19 had been built in 1845, rebuilt in the 1860s and finally remodeled in the 1880s by Stanford White. It had fallen into disuse, and the Sonnenbergs, sensing their ideal domestic theater in it, began the long work of restoration, accumulating the furniture (Sheraton and Chippendale-pattern credenzas, hunt tables and German porter's chairs, a rare George III circular rent table), the 17th century English paneling for the William and Mary Room, the busts and knick-knacks, the paintings and drawings, the metalwork, and so on down to the 54 tablecloths, 624 napkins and 283 bath towels, which by 1950 had become necessary to the running of this large establishment.

The result was a collection that was a pure demonstration of its owner's fantasies. The clothes peddler's son from Grand Street was, at heart, a displaced Edwardian grandee, longing for the class

(high, slightly raffish, demanding and Anglophile) into which he had not been born. His conversation had the pungency of a vanished era; it demanded, and got, a great deal of time and attention. It coiled and ran and turned back on itself, wandering off into apparent non sequiturs to test the listener, piling metaphor on private joke, allusion on trope, and then puncturing the entire edifice with some foxy gag.

Sonnenberg was exquisitely conscious of dress as costume. In the '40s and '50s his style of accoutrement was a wonder of Manhattan—cane, tight four-button suits, massive cuff links, a bowler hat, and a mustache that almost rivaled Dali's in local celebrity; not the zigzag antennae of the Spaniard but a drooping bunch of Habsburg bristle, which in his last years came to resemble the queuing barbels of an old and sagacious carp.

As in dress, so Sonnenberg's obsessive pursuit of relics and emblems. Every trophy was a souvenir, one felt, of some conversation he had missed but confidently expected to enjoy in the afterlife: the autographs of Tennyson, Swinburne, Thackeray, Kipling, Whistler and Wilde; the wall of Max Beerbohm cartoons; the portraits of literary figures, from Virginia Woolf and Ottoline Morrell to Wyndham Lewis and Dylan Thomas. Of the more abstract emblems, he liked brass. Nineteen Gramercy Park consumed more metal polish in a month, it was rumored, than all the Russian Orthodox churches of America in a year. Brass was the Anglophile's metal par excellence, and it was everywhere—kettles, candlesticks, urns, samovars, chandeliers, sconces, plates and mortars. Brass was to Sonnenberg what



Front-door knocker

bullion was to Ben Jonson's character Volpone: "Good morning to the day; and next, my gold! Open the shrine, that I may see my saint!"

The result of this staging, this accumulation of many generations' residue in the span of 40 years' hard bargaining, was apparent the moment one crossed the threshold of No. 19. It was the basilica of gossip, the Vatican of inside dope. Its guests felt cushioned and cocooned in objects, lapped in the carpets and thick soundless upholstery, protected by the military glitter of brassware. No other house in New York, perhaps none in America, conveyed so powerfully the impression that the outside world stopped at the front door and that all discourse, as a result, was in club.

This illusion seems to have affected every one of Sonnenberg's regulars, from rich old ladies to wary middle-aged politicians to shellbacked young journalists—with the result that they all disgorged their secrets into Sonnenberg's ear. Consequently, the house was as much a business asset to Sonnenberg as, say, River Rouge is to Ford. "To the public," he once remarked, "the business I'm in still seems a flimflam, fly-by-night business. I want my house and office to convey an impression of stability and to give myself a dimension, background and tradition that go back to the Nile." And so they almost did; but with the death of the Pharaoh of Gramercy Park, the pyramid itself is being dispersed, the contents soon to be pecked away at auction by a thousand checkbooks. What mattered was the ensemble, not the parts; and the greatest masterpiece the house contained—ebullient, wry, kindly, vain and shrewd—was the old man himself.

—Robert Hughes



partying, owner as a screening room



A gallery of autographs adorning a circular stairwell; the master bedroom complete with George II carved walnut settee bed and brassware. Replete with relics and emblems, No. 19 was a basilica of gossip and the consummate setting for a displaced Edwardian grandee.



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Television

Recasting the Public System

New Carnegie report asks more money, increased independence

Twelve years ago, a Carnegie Commission report became the basis for the public broadcasting system in the U.S. By many standards the Carnegie model was an astonishing success. The number of TV stations grew from 126 to 280; more than 40% of all families in the U.S. now watch public TV at least once a week. In other respects, the Carnegie report paved the way to failure, and the organization Congress set up has become a bureaucratic maze and a frustration to everyone who enters it.

Last week a second Carnegie Commission issued another report to correct the system's "fundamental flaws." Though it has some good ideas, Carnegie II is, like Carnegie I, excessively timid, short on vision and long on words—particularly long words.

The major organizational fault of the current system is that it virtually assures conflict between the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, which is a kind of guardian of federal funds, and the Public Broadcasting Service, which represents the individual stations. There is wholesale duplication of effort, and far too big a percentage of the TV budget is spent on administration rather than on programming. The CPB, whose members are appointed by the President, is overly sensitive to prevailing political winds, moreover. There is always a danger of a determined President will try to influence public television for his own purposes, as Richard Nixon did when he packed the CPB with his political pals.

Carnegie II recommends abolishing the CPB and putting in its place something called the Public Telecommunications Trust. The nine-member PTT board would still be appointed by the President. To protect the panel's independence, however, he would be permitted to consider only those names submitted to him by a committee of such notables as the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and the Librarian of Congress. To do away with the internal bickering, the PTT would also be deprived of the programming authority that the CPB now has. Programming on the national level would be the sole function of a new organization called the Program Services Endowment. The PTT would remain in place, and the individual stations would retain the right

to originate material of their own.

The most visible change Carnegie II recommends would be the enormous increase in funding. Public broadcasting now receives \$540 million from all sources; the report wants to raise that to \$1.16 billion a year by 1985, about half of which would come from Washington. To offset a new drain on the Treasury, the commission proposes that commercial broadcasters be charged between \$150 million and \$200 million for the right to use the public



DRAMA BY B. MODELL © 1979 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE
"Well, what'll it be? Channel 13? Or shall we just wallow in the vast wasteland?"

air waves. Local stations would be expected to drum up \$1.50 for each \$1 that they received from the Government.

When he started out on the project, says Commission Chairman William J. McGill, he thought that the U.S. should have a public network like the BBC. But that, he now believes, should have been done more than 50 years ago, at the time broadcasting began. Public TV in America is now too diverse for planners to consider a centralized network. "You have to build out of the bedrock of existing structures," insists McGill, who is also president of Columbia University.

Instead of seeking that BBC ideal, the commission has sought the possible—something that, like Carnegie I, would have a good chance of being enacted into law. Looked at that way, the report

is politically astute. President Carter, for instance, has already said that he wants public broadcasting to be more independent; he is expected to be sympathetic to proposals that would limit his own power. Representative Lionel Van Deerlin, chairman of the House Communications Subcommittee, has also suggested that commercial broadcasters be taxed to help their noncommercial brethren, and he will doubtless support that proposal.

For all their shrewdness, however, the commissioners may have underestimated the public's desire for a much stronger alternative to the commercial networks, whose faults are on display every night of the week. While it has tried to insulate

the system from politics with several bureaucratic changes, Van Deerlin notes, the report still leaves the public broadcasters dependent on regular appropriations. These must be approved by Congress as well as the President, and Congress this year has appropriated only \$120 million, or a little more than a fifth of what Carnegie II eventually wants. Says he: "To have a first-rate, fearless system, including news and public affairs programming, you have to take people out of political hook." Van Deerlin questions whether the commission merely wants one unwieldy bureaucracy in place of another: "Maybe the change would be more cosmetic than real."

Equally troubling is the report's demand that local stations continue to go begging to corporations and the general public. Already, the administrators of many stations spend most of their time passing the hat, and controversial programming is often shelved for fear of offending donors. Says Jay Iselein, president of New York's WNET (Channel 13): "It's humiliating to spend most of your time getting up the dough rather than becoming involved in programming."

Frank Mankiewicz, president of National Public Radio, a network of 217 stations, doubts that these stations, which lack TV's glamour, could ever attract much money from listeners. "It's hard to get an audience for fund raising," he says, "let alone raise the funds." For NPR, the matching grant scheme could be a death sentence.

Neither Mankiewicz nor the other critics need worry, however, at least not for the moment. Congress and the President will have the final decision, and they may take their time before acting on this large but disappointing report.

SALLY STRUTHERS TALKS ABOUT HER CHILD.



"Her name is Marites. She lives in the Philippines. And she's the special child I sponsor.

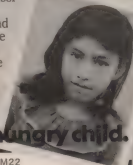
"Four years ago Marites' father died, leaving her sickly mother as the only means of support for six children. Extreme poverty forced eight-year-old Marites and her two older sisters to go to work just to survive.

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Statement of income and expenses available on request.

Christian Children's Fund, Inc.

Television

Longest Run

THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS

PBS, 8 p.m. E.S.T.

biweekly starting Feb. 14

One of the chief complaints of the Carnegie Commission is that public television is too dependent on British imports. Coincidentally, PBS is about to broadcast the longest and most ambitious British series of all, the 37 plays of William Shakespeare, spread out over six years. The series, the Carnegie Commission to the contrary, will be public TV's greatest monument, a fitting demonstration of what television can be, should be and, in Britain, often is.

The series begins with *Julius Caesar*, then continues with *As You Like It*, *Ro-*



Derek Jacobi as Richard III

Sad stories of the death of kings...

meo and Juliet, *Richard II* and *Measure for Measure*, ending April 25 with *Henry VIII*. The plays are being produced by the BBC with Time-Life Television, which is putting up more than 25% of the \$14 million cost.

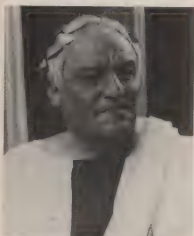
To keep the plays down to a maximum 2½ hours, cuts have been made. Judging from a viewing of the first four plays, however, editing has been judicious, more the neat excision of a few lines here and there than the slaughter of whole scenes, a violence often done to Shakespeare. With some notable exceptions, the performances range from competent to brilliant, and a whole stable of Britain's fine character actors trod through the familiar minor parts: John Gielgud as the righteous John of Gaunt, Celia Johnson as Juliet's nurse and Michael Hordern as her father.

The biggest surprise in the first four plays is *Richard II*, which is sometimes cited as one of Shakespeare's weaker works. Under the direction of David Giles, however, it takes on a new mean-

ing, becoming an almost contemporary story of power used and abused. Derek Jacobi, who was seen last year as the hero in *I, Claudius*, portrays the childishness as well as the majesty of Richard, who tells "sad stories of the death of kings." No one has told them better, and Jacobi now should be numbered among the best actors in the English-speaking theater.

Another standout is Charles Gray, who plays the title role in *Julius Caesar*. Gray shows the fatuousness and vanity of the man, as well as his greatness. His Caesar could as easily be the chairman of some conglomerate as dictator of the Roman world. When the Ides of March finally arrive for him, Director Herbert Wise has the conspirators slowly circle around him, like snarling dogs around a tired stag. It is a shockingly intense scene and, as he is struck by Brutus, his favorite, Caesar clutches and almost kisses him, uttering a scarcely audible "Ei tu, Brute?"

The weak actors look worse perhaps



Charles Gray as Julius Caesar

...and tales of power used and abused.

because everyone around them is so good. Producers often flirt with the notion of casting a young girl as Juliet, but they come to their senses in time. Producer Cedric Messina unwisely plunged ahead. His Juliet, Rebecca Saire, is 14 and acts it. Her voice is thin, and her range of expression sadly limited. Shakespeare said Juliet was only 14, but he gave her the lines of an ardent and mature woman to speak. A less serious error was the casting of Keith Michell as Caesar's Antony. Michell is an accomplished actor, but too old and fleshy to be a vigorous and virile Antony.

Still, it is hard to imagine that the plays could have been done better in the U.S. The complaints of American actors and producers that the British are taking over seem perversely petty. "Because they study Shakespeare at an early age and practice their craft, English actors are better suited to do Shakespeare," Messina argues. "Besides, the plays are there. There's no copyright. If the Americans want to do Shakespeare, then why don't they?" Good question.

—Gerald Clarke



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Fifty Years of Total Waugh

The greatest comic genius since Shaw is still in style

Evelyn Waugh fortified himself against his times with a moat of disdain, crenelated views and a castle keep of private devotions. He was raised in the middle-class London suburb of Golders Green, son of a modest publisher. At Oxford in the '20s he associated with the aesthetes, young men he later termed "mad, bad and dangerous to know." He graduated far from the top of his class, then taught school. Evelyn's experiences left him well stocked for his first novel, *Decline and Fall* (1928): "I expect you'll be becoming a schoolmaster, sir. That's what most of the gentlemen does, sir, that gets sent down for indecent behaviour." A young critic named Cyril Connolly spoke of Waugh's "delicious cynicism." Years later it was apparent that the vivacious style had been based on profound disgust.

As he acquired recognition, Waugh



Evelyn Waugh at 23, painted by Henry Lamb



Waugh (left), Wife Laura (center), and the couple's six children in 1959

adopted the ways and means of a country gentleman. In a big house he lived surrounded by six children, his second wife Laura, servants, heavy furniture, mulioned windows and good bindings. He was never chatty about his work. On those few occasions when he lowered the drawbridge to journalists, Waugh remained grandly indifferent to explanations of his comic genius. He insisted, "I regard writing not as investigation of character, but as an exercise in the use of language."

He was even more emphatic about his intentions: "An artist must be a reactionary. He has to stand out against the tenor of the age and not go flopping along." As a conservative convert to Roman Catholicism, Waugh decried the aims of Vatican II, the un-Latinizing of the Mass and papal excursions too far from Rome.

His own wanderings produced the raw material for most of his fiction. There

are striking similarities between the African backgrounds in *Black Mischief* and *Scoop* and descriptions in his travel books. Military service in Britain, Crete and Yugoslavia during World War II supplied incidents for *Men at Arms*, *Officers and Gentlemen* and *The End of the Battle*. In 1965, the year before he died, Waugh published an edited version of the trilogy under the single title *Sword of Honour*. It is a masterpiece in which the author fully joined the two sides of his nature: the detached satirist and the chivalrous, disillusioned romantic.

Little, Brown's republication of Waugh's dozen best novels provides a fresh opportunity to appreciate how skillfully he balanced between satire and romance. Most important, these handsome new editions reconfirm Edmund Wilson's 1944 judgment that Waugh "is likely to figure as the only first-rate comic genius that has appeared in English since Ber-

Excerpt

“Mr. Salter's side of the conversation was limited to expressions of assent. When Lord Copper was right he said, 'Definitely, Lord Copper'; when he was wrong, 'Up to a point.'"

"Let me see, what's the name of the place I mean? Capital of Japan? Yokohama, isn't it?"

"Up to a point, Lord Copper."

"And Hong Kong belongs to us, doesn't it?"

"Definitely, Lord Copper."

After a time: "Then there's this civil war in Ishmaelia. I propose to feature it. Who did you think of sending?"

"Well, Lord Copper, the choice seems between sending a staff reporter... whose name the public doesn't know, or to get someone from outside with a name as a military expert. You see since we lost Hitchcock..."

"Yes, yes. He was our only man with a European reputation. I know. Zinc will be sending him. I know. But he was wrong about the Battle of Hastings. It was 1066. I looked it up..."

"We might share one of the Americans?"

"No, I tell you who I want: Boot... Do you read him?"

"Up to a point, Lord Copper." [Scoop, 1938]

”



The author with an ear trumpet

A natural history of thoughtfulness.

nard Shaw." Characters like Lady Margot Metroland, Mayfair hostess and procuress of *Decline and Fall*, Mrs. Melrose Ape of *Vile Bodies*, the American evangelist modeled on Aimee Semple McPherson, Basil Seal, highborn wastrel of *Black Mischief* and *Put Out More Flags*, and Lord Copper, publisher of the *Beast* in *Scoop*, still delight because there are always new grotesques to fill the shoes of Waugh's caricatures. And his work has more serious undertones: extrapolations

The signposts of success are clearly lettered.



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Books

of what Waugh called "existing social tendencies" led him to premonitory visions of war during the '20s, his Africa of chaos and farce foreshadowed many follies of today's emerging nations.

Waugh's first wife ran off with a future baronet, and betrayal by women is recurrent in much of his fiction. The ladies are usually charming and never malicious but they are prime examples in Waugh's natural history of thoughtlessness. Their egotism, stupidity, conceit and self-regard become the causes for both cruelty and comedy. In *A Handful of Dust*, for example, Brenda Last cheats on her husband Tony. He journeys to South America and ends as the prisoner of an illiterate jungle madman who makes Tony read Dickens aloud to him for the rest of his life. Waugh's most savage literary revenge for past hurts occurs in *Black Mischief* when Basil Seal unwittingly dines on his girlfriend during a cannibal feast.

The essential Waugh hero is a British Don Quixote dejectedly tilting at the 20th century. His troubles begin with a code of honor that is ill-suited for campaigns in society or on the battlefield. Humor is shaped by innumerable collisions with bad manners, bad writing, bad architecture and bad service.

Sea voyages abound in Waugh indeed, he has launched more ships of fools than any other modern writer. There is also much seasickness that often resembles a queasiness with the world itself. In *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* (1957) a middle-aged writer suffers paranoid hallucinations while cruising to Ceylon. Voices of passengers plotting murder and humiliation filter into his ears from parts of the ship. The author acknowledged that he too suffered hallucinatory episodes and Pinfold's curmudgeonly character and opinions are essentially his own.

"His strongest tastes were negative," writes Waugh of Pinfold. "He abhorred plastics, Picasso, sunbathing and jazz—everything in fact that had happened in his own lifetime. The tiny kindling of charity which came to him through his religion sufficed only to temper his disgust and change it to boredom. There was a phrase in the thirties: 'It is later than you think,' which was designed to cause uneasiness. It was never later than Mr. Pinfold thought."

It is also never too late to read or reread Waugh. His vitality, matchless craftsmanship, audacious imagination and stinging perceptions ("She wore the liveliest of the highest fashion, but as one who dressed to inform rather than to attract") have not dated. Like Charles Ryder, the painter hero of *Brideshead Revisited*, Waugh focused "the frankly traditional battery of his elegance and erudition on the maelstrom of barbarism." No wrenching political or social change in this century would indicate that his novels are in danger of going out of style.

—R.Z. Sheppard

Lonely Cosmos

DUBIN'S LIVES

by Bernard Malamud
Farrar, Straus & Giroux
362 pages \$10

Author Bernard Malamud, 64, is a messenger who brings the bad news. His vision is firm and tragic, and a strain of Old Testament severity runs through his novels and short stories: all of his characters either know instinctively or must be taught that life is real, earnest and achingly impermanent. As a consequence, Malamud's career has earned him awards and formidable respect but produced little dancing in the streets. He is an author easy to admire and hard to love.

Dubin's Lives, Malamud's seventh novel and first book in nearly six years, follows the uncompromising trail of his previous fiction and makes the journey memorable once again. William Dubin is a successful biographer in his mid-50s. Isolated by choice on nine acres of land in upstate New York, Dubin begins a new book, mindful of the vicarious nature of his craft. "One writes lives he can't live." The subject in this case is D.H. Lawrence, whose yawps about sex and blood consciousness seem designed to unhinge middle-aged intellectuals. Dubin proves no exception and soon takes up with Fanny Bick, nearly 35 years his junior.

What follows is much more than simply another anatomy of a January-June mismatch. In Malamud's world, acts have consequences, mindless pleasures lead to reflective pain. Things start badly. Dubin takes Fanny on a quick trip to Ven-



Bernard Malamud

Yawps about sex and blood consciousness

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Benjamin Disraeli
1804-1881

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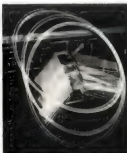


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Books

ice, hoping to feed on her vitality and youth, and gets the callow treatment he deserves. Stung, he returns home and holes up for a long, bitter winter of discontent. "He fought winter as if it were the true enemy: if he tore into it the freeze would vanish, his ills be gone, his life, his work, fall into place." Nothing helps. Lawrence eludes the biographer, and the book grinds to a stop. Dublin's wife Kitty is jittery about becoming older, she misses the son and daughter who have grown up and left. So does Dublin, sinking ever deeper into depression. "I am in my thoughts a detached lonely man, my nature subdued by how I've lived and the lives I've written."

Dublin's descent is painful to watch but thoroughly absorbing, for his struggle assumes heroic dimensions. He is smart enough to bear the responsibility for his anguish and strong enough to fight it. "Subjectivity sickens me," he tells himself. "I fear myself fearing." Unexpectedly, Fanny reappears, offering what looks like genuine love. Dublin accepts, but with fewer illusions. His problem will remain because it is his inescapable condition: he is a man facing 60 who can take from life more easily than he can give.

Too few novels offer a character who grows convincingly from page to page. *Dublin's Lives* presents not only the hero but the women around him: Kitty, Fanny, Dublin's daughter Maud all pull away from their orbits around Dublin and strike out in directions he cannot predict. Without uttering a single polemic, Malamud builds one of the sharpest images of women's liberation in contemporary fiction.

Independence cannot be achieved without heartbreak. Everyone suffers, especially Dublin. Near the end, he mourns being "alone in the cosmos," and the course of the novel proves him right. Such knowledge is harsh, but the acquisition of it is tinged with exhilaration. Dublin knows what he knows but goes on living and working. Similarly, Malamud's fiction is a hedge against depression; it conveys pleasure through its artistry, through its deft translation of ideas into events and living, breathing characters. Life may be, as so many Malamud characters discover, a matter of taking the good with the bad. *Dublin's Lives* is an example of the good.

— Paul Gray

Chiller

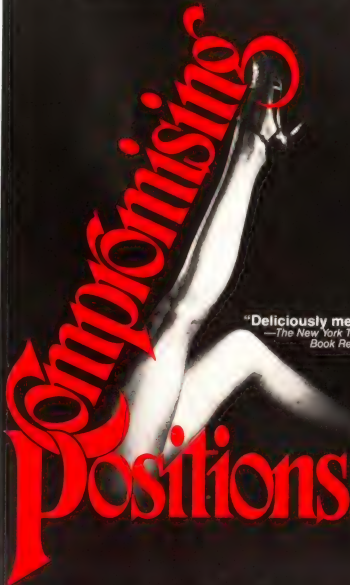
THE MAINE MASSACRE

by Janwillem van de Wetering

Houghton Mifflin, 256 pages; \$8.95

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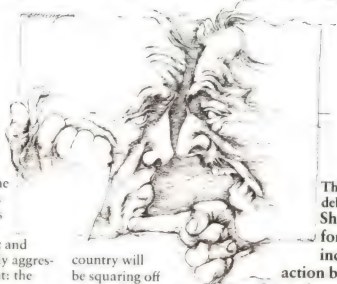
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Books



Janwillem van de Wetering

A landscape filled with seals and deer.

seur knows that the fun of a suspense novel lies not in competing with the author but in admiring his craft.

There are amateurs and pros among writers too. One of the most influential pros is Ed McBain. He did not invent the police "procedural," but his 87th Precinct books have attracted several imitators, especially in Europe. The most famous is the Martin Beck series by the Swedish couple Maj Sjöwall and Per Wahlöö, who made their Stockholm cops into moody eccentrics and stopped their plots for digressions into psychology and politics.

The Dutch writer Janwillem van de Wetering writes about Amsterdam policemen and the statutes and terrors that govern their lives, but this casual author makes Sjöwall-Wahlöö look like Eliezer Queen. Van de Wetering's novels meander along, with asides on the foibles of human nature and gracefully written filaments of Eastern philosophy. The plot is announced early in the narrative and dispatched at the end as quickly as a victim. The author, 48, was once a Buddhist monk in Japan (he wrote about that arduous life in *An Empty Mirror*). He returned to The Netherlands, spent some time in the Amsterdam police force, and emigrated again, this time to Maine. The new book is set there, in a coastal town called Jameson, just below the Canadian border. The author's usual characters are on hand: the old *commissaris*, who has arrived in the U.S. to help his sister settle her affairs after her husband's sudden death, and his young sergeant, Rinus de Gier. The *commissaris*' brother-in-law is only one of several people who have lived on a peninsula called Cape Orca and who died or disappeared, leaving the land a

cursed place. The motive for all this is not very deep. The story would not be tenable if the local sheriff were not a very new man in the territory and his helpers foreign. As the old man notes, the townspeople are not mystified at all: "They know the country, the undercurrents." In *The Maine Massacre*, the plot is the undercurrents. The principal character is the snow. It isolates the town and stills all action. The escapes and chases that fill an ordinary story are stalled in Jameson. A marksman in snowshoes is the only prowling menace. In the *commissaris*' whining sister Suzanne, van de Wetering finds a way to spoof his native country and contrast it to Maine. The old lady lives surrounded by tacky reproductions of Dutch scenes and execrable examples of porcelain. Her brother briefly thinks that she may have killed her husband but concludes that he is overinfluenced by the fact that her meals constitute the foulest kind of home cooking.

Since van de Wetering lives in Maine permanently, he could have set his story during a summer tourist season or the fiery glories of autumn. Instead he takes the harder route: bare, muted landscapes filled with ravens, seals and deer. He is aware of the violence in the town and casual cruelty of the hunters. But the book's strongest writing is about the satisfactions of surviving a hard winter: wooden stoves, good drink, a safe journey home made in a blitzard. These are worth more than a tricky plot. Van de Wetering is an amateur who is good enough to get away with it.

—Martha Duffy

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. War and Remembrance, *Wouk* (1 last week)
2. Chesapeake, *Michener* (2)
3. Overload, *Hailey* (3)
4. The Stories of John Cheever, *Cheever* (4)
5. Fools Die, *Puzo* (6)
6. The Coup, *Udipe* (5)
7. Evergreen, *Platt* (8)
8. Second Generation, *Fast* (7)
9. The Stand, *King*
10. The World According to Garp, *Irving*

NONFICTION

1. Lauren Bacall by Myself, *Bacall* (3)
2. Monmie Dearest, *Crawford* (1)
3. A Distant Mirror, *Tuchman* (2)
4. American Caesar, *Manchester* (4)
5. The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet, *Tarnower & Baker* (9)
6. In Search of History, *White* (7)
7. Jackie Oh!, *Kelley*
8. Gnomes, *Huygen & Poorvliet* (5)
9. If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries—What Am I Doing in the Pits?, *Bombek* (6)
10. Linda Goodman's Love Signs, *Goodman*

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Time Essay

Slogan Power! Slogan Power!

The lusty cry that roused the Highlanders of ancient Scotland for battle was called a *sluagh-gairm*. A combination of the Gaelic words for host and cry, this rallying shout became *slogorne* in English and was over generations altered into *slugorne*, *slughorn*, *slogurn* and other variants, including *slogen*. From that came the modern word that embraces those catch phrases, mottoes, aphorisms and partisan whoops that are continually coined and used by every segment of society, from politicians to Boy Scouts to terrorists. Slogans are, in fact, as common as chitchat.

The birth of the slogan itself, with whatever name, goes back to the start of history; as far back as human records occur, so do slogans. On the basis of its power alone, its potential capacity to unite people and move them toward either belligerent or peaceful goals, the slogan rates as one of man's most ingenious and economical verbal inventions. So the ubiquity of slogans in modern times is understandable, and it probably does more good than harm. Still, there is reason to wonder whether the use—and abuse—of slogans has not at last resulted in a period of fatigue, a sort of slump that might be called *slogastis*.

Nothing has raised the question more forcefully than President Carter's embarrassing effort in his State of the Union speech to establish his Administration's slogan. Although his staff has had two years to mull over the matter, what they came up with was something called New Foundation. It sounded. Some people yawned; others were derisive. Mainly, everyone was magnificently uninspired. New Foundation just did not have the ring of the great slogans of yesteryear: New Deal, Fair Deal, New Frontier, Great Society. Still, the Carter dud was only a conspicuous example of the general anemia that has beset sloganeering in recent years. Some believe, for example, that the commercial practice of the art has fallen into something of a slump partially because advertising now gives so much attention to research-based claims that it has somewhat neglected the old stand-by.

For all that, sloganeering is far from going out of style. The slogan is, after all, probably the best people mover this side of earthquakes, court orders and guns. A first-rate slogan is potent indeed when properly contrived. It becomes as easy to remember as it is hard to forget. It plants itself in the consciousness by rhythm, rhyme, pith or brevity. Once there, it works not only by whatever imagery it carries but—more—by the latent emotions it mobilizes. It plays too on the verities and prejudices of its audience, balm or inflaming them according to purpose. Just so, the slogan lurks as a sort of floating hook in the psyche. Properly tugged, it can compel people to coalesce, to divide, to fight, to sacrifice, to vote, to buy.

Yet the power of rousing phrases was recognized long before anybody knew how or why it worked. Some equivalent of "Hail to the Chief" no doubt glued people to their governments from the moment tribes first formed, just as, later, did "Long live the King!" History has left a litter of slogans from all its great events, civil as well as martial—and not only political history. After Pope Urban II in 1095 called for war to recapture the Holy Land, the spontaneous outcry of listening clerics—"God wills it!"—helped fire up Christendom for the First Crusade. The translation of philosophy and doctrine into slogans has assisted in every major political turnabout, from Runnymede to Yalta. Indeed, the history of the U.S. can plausibly be

encapsulated in a litany of slogans: No taxation without representation. Give me liberty or give me death. Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes. Let the people rule. Horace Greeley's popularization of "Go West, young man" not only helped inspire California-bound migration but even today conjures up appealing images. "Speak softly and carry a big stick" brings back the vanished world of Theodore Roosevelt's America. Modern America? The war to end war. A chicken in every pot. We have nothing to fear but fear itself. Remember Pearl Harbor. We shall overcome. Hell no, we won't go. Whip inflation now.

Today's slogans, too often unmemorable, still encode the directions in which people are trying to move their countrymen. Combatants in the abortion arena rally around "right to life" and "freedom of choice." Opponents of nuclear power cry, "No nukes," while proponents answer that it is "safer than sex." Liberated homosexuals chant, "Gay pride"; their detractors plead, "Save our children." Blacks employ "black is beautiful" for self-encouragement and "black power" as a statement to the established order. And the elderly now demand "gray power." Proposition 13, though a California event, has become a rallying call everywhere among rebels hoping to achieve tax reductions.

The movie *Network* has given the country an all-purpose battle cry: "I'm mad as hell, and I'm not going to take it any more!"

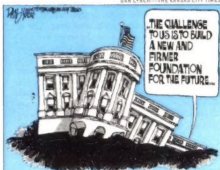
The cream of the contemporary crop of slogans is still found in the creations of the advertising trade, which of course was the first to exploit psychology and behaviorism to turn the art of persuasion into a quasi-science. The success of its catchwords is confirmed by retail sales figures that make even the national deficit seem a trifle.

More to the point, anyone can confirm the sticking power of business's best slogans simply by scavenging around in the mind: Does she or doesn't she? Even your best friends won't tell you. Ask the man who owns one. Say it with flowers. Up, up and away. Fly now, pay later. You're in safe hands. Plop, plop, fizz, fizz. Good to the last drop. The high-priced spread. Tastes good like a cigarette should. Leave the driving to us. I'd rather fight than switch. When it rains, it pours. We try harder. It floats. A diamond is forever.

Such a list could go on almost forever. This fact indeed suggests one possible explanation for the fatigue, or slogastis, that diminishes the sparkle of the current slogan output. Could it be that we are witnessing a weird new form of inflation? Is it conceivable that just as an oversupply of money drives down the value of currency, an excess of sloganizing diminishes the catchiness of catchwords and the public's vulnerability to their magic? Who could dare say for sure? Yet the theory offers at least one hope of an eventual recovery.

There are those, of course, who would like to see sloganeering die off entirely. Precisely because the art appeals to emotion, some idealists and intellectual purists disdain it in favor of cool, rational discourse. This crowd is clearly trying to swim against a very strong human current. Moreover, they are out of touch with the problems of both leadership and the human dilemma. The problem has never been to get people to *think* about doing something. The difficulty has always been to get them to *act*. From time immemorial, leaders have found that one of the best ways, for good or ill, is to say: "Rally round the slogan, folks." It is not time for a change.

—Frank Trippett





U.S.D.A. Inspected 100% Beef

Two all beef patties special sauce lettuce- cheese pickles onion on a sesame seed bun™

You just read the recipe for McDonald's® Big Mac sandwich. It starts with beef, of course. Two lean 100% pure domestic beef patties, including chuck, round and sirloin. Then there's McDonald's special sauce, the unique blend of mayonnaise, herbs, spices and sweet pickle relish. Next come the fresh lettuce, golden cheese, dill pickles and

chopped onion. And last, but far from least, a freshly toasted, sesame seed bun. All these good things add up to the one and only taste of a great Big Mac.

Quality you can taste. And trust.



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Based on latest U.S. Government Report:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar. Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

	tar mg./cig	nicotine mg./cig
Winston Lights	13	0.9
Vantage	11	0.8
Salem Lights	10	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Kent Golden Lights	8	0.7
True	5	0.4
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than 0.5	0.05



Less
than
1 mg.
tar.

Of all brands, lowest... Carlton Box: Less than 0.5 mg. tar, 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

Carlton.
Filter & Menthol
The lighter
100's.



Only
5 mg.
tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78, 100 mm: 5 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.